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CONTENTS

Notes of the Week	433
Leading Articles:—	
Open Diplomacy	435
France's Diplomatic Victory	436
Middle Articles:—	
Commercial English. By J. A. Williams	437
An Evening Flight. By Grey Lag	438
A Little Play and a Great Actress. By James Agate	439
The Turf	440
Dramatis Personae. XIII:—	
Sir Edward Lutyens	441
Correspondence:—	
Le Permissionnaire d'Allemagne. (From Our French Correspondent)	442
A Woman's Causerie:—	
Foreign Languages	442
Letters to the Editor:—	
Is Great Britain Guilty?	443
The Lion's Share	444
The Sickness of Europe	444
Proportional Representation	444
The Truth about Ireland	444
The Martin's Act Centenary	445
Reviews:—	
Mr. Chesterton Surveys America	445
The Salonica Expedition	446
The Arab Problem	446
A Pious Task	447
An Indian Miscellany	447
Saturday Stories. XIII:—	
Felicity Chimney. By Anthony Bertram	448
Verse:—	
The Creative Self. By Bertie Higgins	449
New Fiction. By Gerald Gould:—	
The Stiff Lip	450
The Law of the Male	450
Authors and Publishers:—	
A Miscellany	452
Competitions:—	
Literary Competitions	453
Acrostics	453
Chess	454
Auction Bridge	454
Books Received	454
The World of Money	455

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions are not invited, but will be considered provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for their return if unsuitable. They should be typewritten.

Notes of the Week

IN spite of the opinion of Marshal Foch that Chanak is untenable by a small force, we understand at the moment of going to press that it is the fixed intention of the British Government not to evacuate this post, and that it has been entrenched and reinforced with the object of maintaining a successful resistance if the Kemalists should be unwise enough to attack it. The French Government continues to be anxious that we should evacuate it, and is reported to have offered as a make-weight French naval assistance in the Straits. This offer is unattractive simply because such assistance is unnecessary. From the naval point of view the forces at Admiral Brock's disposal are amply sufficient for any action by water.

It is, however, the opinion of the British naval and military advisers that though the crossing of the Straits can be prevented by ships, the fleet cannot by itself prevent the occupation of Chanak. This was a lesson which was pretty thoroughly learned at the time of the Gallipoli campaign, and it is no doubt on the experience then gained that the advice to the Government has been given. No word has yet come from Kemal, though there have been plenty of inspired statements from Paris as to his intentions. Until an authenticated proposal, which must include an armistice, comes from him, we cannot say when the conference will take place. But whenever it does, Britain, thanks to the personal excursions of her Prime Minister into the realms of diplomacy, will enter it under a severe handicap. We deal fully with this whole matter in our leading articles.

That there is something radically wrong with the cement, or red-tape—or whatever more appropriate name for it there may be—that binds together the British Commonwealth of Nations, at any rate as regards foreign policy, is very plain from what occurred when the Imperial Government made its appeal for assistance in the Near East to the Governments of the Dominions. For the appeal took these Governments by surprise—in one Dominion it was described as “a bolt from the blue.” It was plain enough that they had not been kept informed of what was going on, for while they were willing to give the assistance requested, they wanted to know what it was all about. They desired information: there was no question of the solidarity of the Empire. But is there not an understanding, if not an agreement, between the Imperial Government and the Dominion Governments that the latter are to be kept constantly abreast of the former's foreign policy, and to have their say in shaping it? They are represented in London by High Commissioners, and we wonder whether the Imperial Government ever thought of calling these gentlemen to its councils, at least before dispatching its appeal. This whole matter is of the widest interest to the Empire, and must be completely elucidated.

Overshadowed by the Near East crisis, an incident of very considerable importance has passed quite unnoticed. This is the seizing of a British vessel by the American “Prohibition Navy” twenty-two miles from the coast, according to the statement of its captain. The ship was brought into New York Harbour late on Wednesday of last week, and the crew is charged, of course, with liquor-smuggling. About a month ago we drew attention to a report that the Government of the United States intended to arrest on the high seas a British schooner, which was alleged to be engaged in supplying whisky to American motor-boats, but we scarcely credited it. According to international law, ships outside territorial waters are immune from interference, except in time of war. We do not know whether the captain's statement is true or not, but if it is we shall be interested to note what action, if any, our Government takes in the matter.

Meanwhile, we quote Reuter's report of the ruling of the Federal Court this week at Boston, which upheld the seizure of the schooner *Grace and Ruby*, detained at Boston since last March, when she was seized six miles off shore on suspicion of complicity in the illicit liquor traffic:

The Court held that smugglers were not immune from seizure merely because they were beyond the three-mile limit. The Court ruled that the line between territorial waters and the high seas was not like a boundary between the United States and a foreign Power, and that there must be considered to be a certain width of debatable waters adjacent to the coast the extent of which it is for the Government to determine.

Possibly it will be determined that twenty-two miles is within the elastic boundaries of this “certain width of debatable waters.” But if this kind of policy develops, it will become unsafe for any ship with alcoholic liquor on board to put to sea at all.

Near Eastern affairs have necessarily diverted public attention in some degree from Ireland, while the continuance of the postal strike, aggravated by the cutting of the telegraph cable between Dublin and Holyhead, has made it difficult for news to reach the English papers. It appears, however, that the debates in the Dail are being carried on in a normal and regular fashion, and that the Provisional Government are maintaining their resolve to enact the Treaty and the Constitution. In the Constitution it has apparently been decided to retain the office of President of the Irish Free State, a title unknown to any of the Dominions and very doubtfully justified by the terms of the Treaty. News of the military situation is scanty. The leadership of the Free State forces seems to have passed from General Mulcahy to General McKeon. If we are to judge from the growing but still inconsiderable casualty lists, he is removing from his troops the reproach of engaging in a sham fight. Such reports as have come through indicate a formidable recrudescence of Irregular activity in the south-west. Meanwhile, rumours about de Valera are as prolific as they used to be about Enver Pasha, and may as safely be disregarded.

We understand that trade in the area of the Northern Parliament in Ireland is in danger of being seriously impeded by the action of British manufacturers and merchants, who refuse to do business except on "cash with order" terms. This attitude is adopted on the plea of the unsettled state of Ireland, and we hear that the same plea is sometimes used by the officials of British railway companies as a ground for refusing to accept consignments of merchandise for Belfast and the surrounding districts. Whatever the state of Southern Ireland may be, there is absolutely no excuse for this action. Ulster is one of the most thoroughly solvent parts of the Empire, and is entitled to the most favourable terms of credit, which, in fact, it has hitherto received. Whatever sporadic rioting there may have been in the poorer parts of Belfast, business proceeds as usual. Belfast Corporation stock stands above par and Belfast Fine Trade bills can be negotiated at the minimum. As for the railway companies, there is no greater risk in carrying goods to Belfast and its neighbourhood than there is in carrying them to any part of England or Scotland.

Our plea for the preservation of H.M.S. *Lion*, as a commemoration of the part played by the navy in the war, has received considerable attention in the daily Press, and has provoked a semi-official reply from the Admiralty to the effect that it is impossible to preserve a steel ship like a wooden one, and that therefore practical considerations make our proposal impossible. The deterioration argument might have been used in the case of the *Victory*, for it was stated before she was moved some months ago into the dry dock that hardly one of her original timbers remained, so constant had been the execution of repairs in the last hundred years. At any rate, it was felt to be worth while. Nobody, moreover, denies the continuous identity of the ship any more than you deny the identity of a man of forty with himself when he was thirty, though, in fact, all his tissues have been recreated in the meantime. As for the perishable nature of a steel ship, we do not believe that the cost of repainting would be considerable. In the instance of the *Lion* probably the best solution would be to encase her hull below the water-line in ferro-concrete and settle her in shallow water at some suitable place on the shores of the Firth of Forth.

In a recent issue we commented favourably on the treaties that had been made at Marienbad by the members of the Little Entente with a view to safe-

guarding, as well as defining, their common political and economic interests. We have reason to believe that the statement is correct which has just been published in a German newspaper, to the effect that before the Marienbad meeting came to an end the Little Entente entered into a treaty with Poland, by which all parties bound themselves to the defence in common of the *status quo* in Central and Eastern Europe, and, in case of war, to mutual support with all the forces at their disposal. In other words, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugo-Slavia and Rumania stand by the Peace Treaties, as they were drawn up, signed and ratified. It will be noted that this affects Bulgaria, and has a bearing on the Near East question.

The thoroughly unsatisfactory way in which the "experiment" in the governing of India is working out, is manifest from the debate in the Legislative Assembly on a Bill to impose penalties for inciting disaffection among the police. The Bill was introduced by the Indian Government, and after the numerous attempts on the part of the seditious to tamper with the loyalty of the police that are frequently being disclosed, it is impossible to say that such a measure is unnecessary. Nearly all the Local Governments had emphasized the need for it. Yet in the course of the discussion in the Assembly, not one Indian non-official member spoke of the desirability of preserving discipline among the police or of supporting their efforts in the maintenance of law and order. Instead, what they did was to propose such a diminution of the penalties provided by the Bill as to make them completely ineffective. We are glad to note that the sub-committee of the Imperial Defence Committee appointed to investigate the military needs of India, has definitely pronounced against any further reduction in garrison strength. There has been too much reduction already.

It is most gratifying to see the splendid manner in which the Dominion Governments, the Provincial Governments, and various colonizing organizations are now taking advantage of the Empire Settlement Act with the object of securing a large increase of immigration. Despite the opposition of her Labour Party, Australia is furthering several excellent schemes at the instance of the authorities of the Commonwealth and of the various States. Railways are to be built into the Murray River country, which will open up a fine territory for settlers. A national land settlement scheme is being launched by a colonization company in Canada, with the approval of the Federal and Provincial Governments, and backed by private capital as well as by the railway companies. Its object is to bring under cultivation as soon as possible some twenty million acres of good agricultural land lying within a short distance of the railway lines in both Western and Eastern Canada. We welcome all such signs of the development of the Empire.

The first step in the direction of re-forming a naval air wing distinct and separate from the Royal Air Force, has been taken by the decision of the Admiralty, announced this week, to build airships for the Navy. We have always held that while an independent Air Force is indispensable to the safety of the country, it is equally essential to provide a staff of flying specialists, familiar with the peculiar requirements of sea or land warfare, to operate under the direct orders of the admiral or commander-in-chief. Throughout the course of the war, airships were extremely vulnerable, but it now seems probable that without resorting to the use of helium they can be regarded as immune from the action of inflammatory missiles. Against attack by explosive bombs, or by shells from below, they are, of course, still vulnerable, but the degree of danger to

which they are in this way liable cannot be held to outweigh the advantages of speed, cheapness and mobility which they now possess for some purposes over the cruiser.

Two cases of perjury committed in the Divorce Court which have recently been tried at the Old Bailey add fresh evidence of our mishandling of the dismal business of divorce. The King's Proctor is said to be meditating a campaign of prosecution in order to stamp out perjury, the prevalence of which is almost daily commented upon by the Divorce judges; but, human nature being what it is, the practice seems to be nearly inseparable from the law as it at present stands. If it is really the intention to have further prosecutions, the King's Proctor would have shown better judgment had he chosen to begin with a different type of case. Not only were both the accused men workmen, who had proceeded for divorce under the Poor Persons' rules, but in both cases there were circumstances which removed from their offence a large part of its moral obloquy. Both men were punished for lying, but the lie in the first case had the redeeming feature of concealing the failure to commit a sin, while in the second it was condoned in explicit terms by the Old Bailey judge himself. The Home Office will certainly be closely questioned on these two cases when Parliament meets.

The management of the Underground Railways continues to divert the attention of its passengers from the irregularity and insufficiency of its service by a preposterous insistence on things that do not matter. Trains may be delayed in tunnels and passengers miss their connexions, and the loading and unloading of compartments may still be conducted in such a way as to produce the maximum of congestion, but all is well as long as the public receives another message about the habits of the cuckoo or the finances of the underground railway of New York. The latest substitute for efficiency is the engagement of an artist who is to design restful colour schemes for the interiors of the carriages. We must hope that the sage green and grey with which we are to be soothed will not be entirely obliterated, as everything is at present, by the unaesthetic forms of tired straphangers, for whom, as a consolation for their inability to secure a seat upholstered in brown and gold, additional straps are to be provided. If only the unfortunate clients of the railway could be provided with some measure of the complacency and self-satisfaction of its management, how happy we should all be.

Canada and the Empire owed a very heavy debt to Mr. R. B. Angus, who, over ninety, died last Sunday at Senneville, near Montreal. One of the greatest of the pioneers of the Dominion, it was he who, with Lord Strathcona and two or three other like-minded men, shaped the plans for the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and at the risk of their considerable private fortunes, and in spite of all obstacles, carried them to a successful conclusion. Inspired by the confident belief that there was a splendid future for the North-West, then nothing more than a vast empty space, he did not hesitate at a critical moment in the early history of the railway to throw into the scales the resources of the Bank of Montreal, of which he was President for some years, and for long a director. The event in every way justified his foresight, and he had the supreme gratification of living to see not only the railway grow into one of the biggest and most successful systems in the world, but also the wonderful development of the Prairie Provinces of Canada, which that railway was so largely instrumental in bringing about.

OPEN DIPLOMACY

THE astonishing series of events through which the country has passed, and is still passing, is important in two separate ways to the public. On the situation with which we are confronted in the near East depend: (1) the future tranquillity of the ex-Turkish territories for which we have agreed to be mandatory; (2) our relations with Russia when the present tentative re-establishment of commercial relations has ripened into relations of a political kind; (3) our position in Egypt; (4) our trade relations with the Balkan States which have a coast-line on the Black Sea; (5) our access to the coal and oil of south-eastern Europe and south-western Asia. There is also involved possibly our position in India and certainly our relations with France. These essentials of the last week's events must be dealt with separately. It is, however, also important that we should look at them in their aspect as a revelation of the Prime Minister's methods in diplomacy.

Mr. Lloyd George came into power when the war was at its height and when the qualities which were specially needed were those of energy and rapidity of action. In the past week he has been confronted for the first time in the whole of his career with a kind of crisis familiar enough to British statesmen in the hundred years before 1914, but outside his own experience. He is faced, that is to say, with a localized war which may be in danger of becoming a general war. He is also faced with the problem of maintaining British interests and prestige without further damaging the already impaired solidarity of the three principal allied powers in Europe.

It has always been the British policy to avert or limit dangers of this kind if possible by action through the old and tried channels of diplomacy. It is within recollection, for instance, that it was by the action of Sir Edward Grey, through the Council of Ambassadors held under his presidency in London, that the Balkan wars of 1911-1912 were confined in their scope, and that a reasonable settlement was reached. The essence of this method is that it avoids the fallacy of "open diplomacy" which is a contradiction in terms, conducts its controversies in privacy and abstains from proclamations to the public, until either a settlement has been effected or negotiations have hopelessly broken down. Mr. Lloyd George's method has been the exact opposite. Instead of calling for a conference he has called for troops. And he has been more than Palmerstonian in his truculence and bellicosity. Without any attempt to ascertain French and Italian views, and still less to request or persuade France or Italy to join in the immediate summoning of a conference, the Prime Minister took, last week, a step unprecedented even in the critical days of August, 1914. Then Canada and Australia and New Zealand were not appealed to for assistance; they offered it. Now the Prime Minister not merely appeals to them, with very questionable justification, on the grounds of sentiment, but, in a manifesto which has been issued all over the world and to which his Government is a party, proclaims that not only will the British Isles and the Dominions engage if necessary in hostilities against the Turks, but that they will invite the assistance of Roumania and Serbia, and even of the beaten Greek army itself. The Foreign Office was unaware of this manifesto; the contents of it were unknown to either France or Italy, and it was published before the replies from the Dominions had been received. It is hardly to be wondered at that in France (though the French Government itself is not a stranger to similar methods) it has been received with dismay, nor that it should be reported on apparently good authority in London that Lord Curzon made his continuance in office conditional on being given a free hand to go to Paris and remove its ill effects. We trust, now that he is alive to what the country expects from him, that he will also do his best to secure once more for the Foreign Office the

place which it ought to hold in the responsibility for our foreign policy, and that he will set his face against diplomacy by public proclamation, which in this instance, as in that of the Balfour Note on inter-allied debts, has produced such deplorable results.

One excuse, and one only, can be put forward in defence of the method of the Prime Minister. The military and naval strength of this country has been so heavily and recklessly depleted in the years succeeding the war, that it is possible that the mere invitation to a conference (which before 1914, or at the time of the Peace Conference itself, would have been received with respect all over the world, because of the common knowledge that we were in a position if necessary to back our argument by force), would have been insufficient at the present moment. What with the Washington Agreement and the heavy reduction in military personnel and material with which Mr. Lloyd George has sought to placate the advocates of disarmament, it may be argued that there is an impression abroad that we are not in a position to undertake a serious campaign.

It is an ironical comment on the very present danger of serious warfare that the recent drastic reductions in the Fleet were made because the Admiralty were told by the Cabinet not to expect another great war for ten years. It is said that we can prevent Mustapha Kemal's army crossing the Straits by naval action alone, but if it were not for such of the Navy as remains (and the Atlantic Fleet has been obliged to detach certain units to reinforce the Mediterranean), where should we be? In any case, the Government has always put itself in the humiliating position of being unable to approach the conference with an armed backing drawn solely from the United Kingdom of Great Britain. We have had to demonstrate that our strength depends not on ourselves alone, or even on ourselves with our Dominions, but on support from countries like Roumania and Serbia, for whose military assistance we should have to pay, and, most humiliating of all, on help from the beaten army of the deluded Greeks.

An armed demonstration may have been necessary to make a conference effective. If this is so, it condemns the whole of our military and naval policy since 1918. Worse still, it gives the excuse both in France and in Italy for complaints about British aggression which are none the less galling, because they are for the most part insincere. Responsibility for the reduction of our effectives below what this crisis has proved to be the safety limit, no less than for the blundering methods of diplomacy by manifesto and all the evils it has wrought, lies at the door of the Prime Minister himself. It is perhaps too much to hope that his recent misfortunes have convinced him of the superiority of the old constitutional methods of diplomacy which were good enough for Mr. Pitt.

FRANCE'S DIPLOMATIC VICTORY

ALTHOUGH, at the moment of writing, Lord Curzon would appear to have been partially successful in his mission to Paris, in that a conference is to be held at which Turkey and all the Balkan States, except Bulgaria, will meet the Supreme Council, it would be rash to conclude that we are yet free from the grave dangers created by the Near East crisis. Immediately on the threshold of the conference arises the question of what is the real policy of France. We do not attach much importance to the withdrawal of the French troops from Chanak, except in so far as it was a symptom of the growing determination of France to go her own way in the Near East. On the whole, we think that public opinion has shown its good sense in taking little notice of the affair, though we may be permitted to wonder what would be said in France if, in the event of some future occupation of the Ruhr, we were to withdraw from Cologne on the ground that we did not wish to provoke any conflict with the Germans. It is clear, however, that questions of military

detail apart, the French Government is taking every possible step to acquire diplomatic command of the situation. French relations with the Kemalist Government at Angora have been of long standing, and there has been hardly any attempt to hide the fact that for his artillery and munitions, as well as for the services of tanks and aeroplanes, Mustapha Kemal has been indebted to French supplies. It is, moreover, widely believed, and indeed openly said, that the strategy by which, with an army a quarter as strong as that of his opponents, the Turkish commander was able to secure so signal a victory, owed a good deal to the inspiration of the French General Staff.

In any case, whatever may have been France's contribution towards the military success which has brought about the present situation, little trouble is taken in Paris to conceal the close relations which exist between the Kemalist envoys and the Quai d'Orsay. Inspired statements of Kemal's promises and intentions are made in Paris, with a rapidity which precludes any possible instructions from Kemal himself. Their sponsorship of the Turks, however, by no means exceeds the activities of the French statesmen. At the beginning of the crisis, when the British Cabinet issued its now notorious manifesto, it was clear that the Government imagined that Roumania and Serbia were completely in sympathy with the British point of view so far as the future of the Turk in Europe was concerned, and that, indeed, they were willing to lend their armies for the purpose of preventing the revival of Turkish dominion in Thrace. It ought to have been clear to our ministers that the Little Entente, to which both these powers belonged, is, diplomatically speaking, an extension of the French Foreign Office; that it is so permeated by French political, and it may be added military, ideals, and so much more accessible to special pressure from France on any particular occasion, that if it came to a point where French and British policy diverged on any Continental matter, it would be folly to suppose that these countries would take the British point of view.

In the present crisis the leading member of the Little Entente, Czecho-Slovakia, is not directly concerned, but M. Poincaré has lost little time in showing that Roumania and Serbia, which are directly concerned, have been brought round to his point of view. King Alexander of Serbia, who on his recent visit to London spent most of his time in Bond Street among the tailors, has in Paris been among the politicians. French representatives have in an equal degree been successful with Roumania, and the result is that in his statement to the Press—we quote from the *Daily News* of Thursday—M. Poincaré is reported to have said :

As far as Thrace is concerned it seems that the problem is solved. Roumania will offer no objection to a Bulgarian-Turkish frontier. Serbia, however, will not allow any concession of territory to Bulgaria although she will recognize the necessity of granting the country an economic outlet, access to the sea, doubtless at Dedeagach.

This remarkable statement when translated means the expulsion of the Greeks from Thrace and Adrianople (the only measure which will give Bulgaria and Turkey a common frontier), with the consent of Roumania at French instigation. Further, as there has never been any question of adding to Bulgarian territory, the Serbian stipulation means nothing at all, while Serbia's suggestion that the Bulgarians should have an outlet to the sea is another concession at the expense of Greece.

It is plain, therefore, that France will go into the conference, and so far as can be seen Italy with her, with the object of restoring Turkey in Europe up to the Bulgarian frontier, removing Greece from Thrace altogether, and, as far as the old Turkish Empire west of Syria and Mesopotamia is concerned, replacing the Treaty of Sèvres by an entirely new document. In fact, it is only too evident that while Mr. Lloyd George was busy with military preparations the French took the opportunity to secure a heavy diplomatic success. When we enter the conference at Venice we shall enter

it in the minority, having on our side presumably only Japan (the opinion of which is, after all, not of much weight in a purely western matter), and Greece, and we shall have to decide whether we regard Greek interests as being our own, or whether British interests are confined, as we are inclined to think they ought to be, to the question of the Straits.

The freedom of the Straits is important to us in two ways. It is important from the military point of view, because the closing of it means that we cannot obtain access at Constantinople to the overland route to India; nor can we, if at some future date it should be desirable to do so, get into touch with Russia in the Black Sea. From the commercial point of view the freedom of navigation is even more important, for when Russia becomes productive again we shall require access to the great wheat port of Odessa and to the markets which southern Russia offers to British manufactures; we must have a free sea route to the oil fields in the Caucasus; and we cannot successfully carry on trade either with Bulgaria or Roumania, or with any of the areas fed by the Lower Danube, unless our vessels can pass without hindrance through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. This commercial interest is one which applies, of course, to other nations in so far as they also have trade interests there. We can secure it if we insist on the measures of demilitarization and control which were provisionally agreed upon last spring, when the first modification of the Treaty of Sèvres was proposed during Lord Curzon's last visit to Paris. So far as Greece is concerned, it is probably the wisest course to accept the accomplished fact, to secure whatever modifications we can of the plan which M. Poincaré with his Turkish and Little Entente friends will propose, and to be diplomatically wiser next time. But we shall not be diplomatically wiser if we do not return to the policy of leaving the conduct of our foreign relations to the Government Department which is maintained for the purpose.

COMMERCIAL ENGLISH

By I. A. WILLIAMS

THE professional writer, the man whose livelihood depends on his understanding and use of words and names, not merely in a slap-dash, approximate way, but with due consideration of their subtler implications of sense and associations of sound, is always liable to suffer annoyance, or to derive amusement, from the writing of those beyond the scope of whose imagination lies the possibility of a word, or a name, having any secondary implication. There are even some innocent-minded persons for whom words have no exact sense at all, but are only vague gestures pointing more or less steadily in certain directions. These two attitudes of mind are in reality quite different, the first being as it were a kind of deafness, and the second a kind of dumbness. But both diseases result in bad English, and affect very commonly the writings of commercial persons—the business letters, the trade journals, the catalogues, which each one of us is called upon from time to time to peruse.

Of the deaf kind of bad writing several examples have stuck persistently in my mind, which I once came across when I was for a short time employed in a government office, where part of my duty was to consult the London Directory and to keep an eye on certain trade journals. In the Directory one day—shall I ever forget that day?—I discovered a firm called The Abandoned Artesian Well-borings Successfully Completed Company, Limited; and I still shudder with horror when I recall how, in a journal devoted to the interests of the leather trade, I read that "South African bastards are in demand," and that "good welting bellies are rising." That is the deaf kind of bad English, and no doubt it can be read with equanimity by Artesian well-borers whose senses are dulled by their own abandonment, and by

leather merchants with ear-drums made of their own merchandise; but not by me, and not, I feel sure, by all commercial men. Many of them must be exasperated at having to deal constantly with the deaf writer, who, to put things shortly, only means one of the things he says or suggests.

Of the dumb kind of writing I need only say that it is exemplified by almost any business letter, or stock-broker's circular, things which habitually convey no meaning at all (this is literally true, as I know from experience) to the ordinary educated person—say a doctor or a journalist—who has not had the advantage of a business training. For such documents are expressed in conventional, but vague, gestures which are like the grimaces of the village idiot—understood by his immediate neighbours, but not by the world at large. And it was a partially dumb man, too, who wrote that famous advertisement, "Wanted boy for bottling."

If the business man wants a further argument to convince him of the folly of his ways, let him consider how many lawsuits take place yearly over the meaning, "understood in the trade," of some phrase that has in itself no meaning at all. Surely, when you live in a world that can dispute the import of the words "sardine" and "whisky" (as I seem to remember has happened in the not distant past), it can be nothing but an advantage to use language correctly? Indeed, it seems probable that "business English" is nothing but a survival from the days when the educated classes did not "go into trade"; and that the modern business man, with a university education behind him, should cherish the jargon is about as sensible as that an enfranchised slave should refuse to knock off his fetters.

Yet after all, I sometimes feel that if a man will devote himself to leather and to stocks and shares, it only serves him right if he is stricken deaf and dumb, and I need be moved to no ecstasy of pity. But when his merchandise is words, that is to say when he is a bookseller, I find it peculiarly distressing that he should misuse the language by which he gets his living. It is usually in his annotations that a bookseller blunders. "A very esteemed edition," he adds after describing a copy of Birkbeck-Hill's *Boswell*, and we shiver slightly. We are rather more angry when we find him assuming that his customers do not understand the meaning of words, and describing some volume as "unique, the only one in existence." But worse still, for a slightly different (though allied) reason, is that other bookseller who has no hesitation in adding his own personal recommendation to the plain description of his wares—however illustrious their author: if this book-monger has a collected edition of Shakespeare's works to offer, he will contrive to refer to it as "a good edition of these fine plays," and he will take a line or two to commend Pope for technical skill, and Shelley for lyrical genius. Such a man is pretentious, a claimant to learning and discernment which he does not possess. There are learned and discerning booksellers, whose annotations and commendations, particularly of books by obscure authors, are a joy and an enticement, but the type of which I speak now is not of them, and he has not the wit to see that pretentiousness is just the one thing that most ruffles the lover of books, the very fault to frighten him away, cheque-book and all.

Here, of course, the fault is not in the relation of the words to one another, but in their general relation to good manners and good sense; the fault is one of stupidity and vulgarity, and far harder to forgive than the mere annoyances of deafness and dumbness. Such a man, we swear, shall never have our shillings. It may be illogical of us to swear so; his books are doubtless as good (though not, I suspect, as cheap) as those of another; but (and I think I may speak here for all good book-collectors) we do make such a vow, for there is no class so easily affected by little things

as we are—possibly because every shilling we spend on books is one which our consciences tell us that we cannot really afford—and there is no business that calls for so much tact, of a peculiar kind, as does bookselling.

And while I am on the subject of booksellers' catalogues there are one or two particular words and phrases, beloved by booksellers, that I want to protest against. One of these is the ordinarily horrible suffix “—ana.” I say *ordinarily* horrible, for in a few instances it is almost hallowed by long use: “Boxiana” is a horrific word in itself, but since Pierce Egan made it the title of a classic work upon fisticuffs, I suppose that we cannot get away from it; and “Americana” sounds quite a reasonable word, which might even have been real Latin, had the Romans had any need for it. But what—that is polite—can be said for such abominations as “Swiftiana,” “Words-worthiana,” “Sussexiana,” “Shakespeareana,” “Shelleyana,” and the rest of the cacophonous crew wherewith almost every bookseller's list grates our ears? And what condemnation is too severe for such a caption as “Ana”—a suffix wandering helpless and meaningless without a leader—which is used to describe such a book as ‘The Fashionable Tell-Tale’ and the ‘Observations, Anecdotes and Characters of Books and Men’ by the Reverend Joseph Spence?

And again, is it possible to justify the bookseller's current use of the word “curious”? I think not—though it may no doubt be explained by the probability that, if he were to write, as he means, “indecent,” he would be prosecuted by the police. Yet sometimes books described as “curious” are of the most innocuous character, for there is a certain extremely offensive type of bookseller that tries to make out that half the books ever written are indecent. I have seen Waller's poems catalogued under “Curious,” with a footnote added to the effect that “some of the contents are very free”; and there is one bookseller who habitually puts every book published in the eighteenth century under that slimy heading of “Curious.”

Nothing could bring a delightful calling into such disrepute as this scramble for dirt at all costs. But luckily it is not general, and there is at any rate one bookseller—bless his heart—who is so innocent that he has not yet discovered—in spite of a lifetime spent in the trade—that there is any debased, commercial use of the word “curious.” So when he gets hold of a ‘History of the Game of Chess in the British Army,’ or ‘An Account of the Pig-faced Lady of Manchester Square,’ he catalogues it under our old heading of “Curious.” And so it usually proves to be—uncommon curious. This bookseller is a man, and no worm; he uses English with occasional grammatical lapses, I admit, but in the main straightforwardly and honestly. From him will I buy my books.

AN EVENING FLIGHT

BY GREY LAG

DULL grey clouds flying over the quickly darkening skies, spread a monotonous pall that was reflected by the waters of the mere, as they lapped against the legs of a blue-heron, whose keen eyes searched the muddy bottom for a single fish. Suddenly the heron raised his head. He heard something, something which the cock teal nestling among the reeds did not hear; and he rose into the air, tucked his neck into his breast, and flapped with heavy flight across the mere. As a man came round some alder bushes, the teal also rose and sped away into the wind.

The wildfowler settled himself among the reeds at the very edge of the water to prepare for the evening flight. The mere was shallow, in fact in some places oozy mudbanks rose above the water affording plenty of feed for the duck; but a still greater attraction for them were the acorns which covered the ground of the

neighbouring woods. It was still too light for the flight to begin; the only thing visible in the air was a belated wood pigeon battling against the wind, and the only inhabitants of the mere were a party of coot. Suddenly a woodcock skimmed over the bushes near by, then swerved aside as the gun spoke, and fell with a splash into the water. The wildfowler, who thought at first he had missed, congratulated himself, and sent in a spaniel to retrieve it.

The evening became darker and darker, the wind blew harder, and the only sounds the man could hear, straining ears to catch the whirring of pinions, were the lapping water, the rustling reeds, and the wind whistling about his ears. Then he gave a sigh of relief, for the distant “quack, quack” of a mallard came to him on the wind; then he heard the whistling of a teal, and at the same instant he saw about a dozen duck flying towards him on drooping wings. Of these he got two, which fell with loud and satisfying splashes into the water beside him. This was a lucky evening for the wildfowler, for though the duck could hardly see him as he stood amongst the reeds he was able to mark their black shapes against the grey sky with comparative ease. The duck dropped on all sides of him, falling into the mere with the whirring of their shut wings heard even above the wind and with their quackings ringing across the lake. The wildfowler was shooting with fair precision, and there were soon a score or more of black shapes bobbing up and down on the miniature waves. It grew more and more difficult to see the duck. He could only hear them over and around him, though several times he fired at a fleeting shadow, and could hear the splash as the duck hit the water, or a thud as it hit the ground. Sometimes they were chuckling, sometimes breaking out into loud quacks—tantalizingly near him. He heard teal alight on the water, whistling and exchanging confidential, throaty “acks”; and then he heard them rise. Seeing them for the first time, a few vague blotches, he discharged two barrels, and heard a splash a few yards away. The novice would have congratulated himself on a long shot, but in reality the teal were only a dozen or fifteen yards away, the darkness exaggerating the distance.

What wild charm there is in all these things only wildfowlers know. Something mysterious about the duck themselves, something about the wild mere with its swaying fringe of reeds, the bending, rustling bushes that start up at intervals along its shore, and the water changing with every puff of wind and every ray of light; something of all these things thrills the hearts of wildfowlers. It is because the birds are really wild, because one is in pursuit of a wild animal, that it gives so much pleasure to shoot; and though it may seem illogical, the birds' own charm (an inadequate word) adds to the pleasure. But every sportsman is illogical, even the falconer who is so decried, because no naturalist, no animal photographer, loves the wild creatures more than he.

The wildfowler in the grip of this charm stood by the mere, gazing into the darkness around him. He could no longer see to shoot, but he could hear the duck around him. Suddenly, as he was turning to call for his dogs to pick up, across the lake rang a sound that brought him to a standstill, and made his heart beat faster. It was the “honk” of a wild goose. One single, unmistakable honk rising above the wind and the swaying bushes, the lapping water and the various noises of the duck. He turned and ran back to the water's edge, his face lashed by the bushes in his blind rush through the darkness. He knew he might be able to see the geese if they came near enough, and he stood again on the bank peering into the night. Again he heard the cry of the wild geese, than which there is no cry more stirring, and in a few seconds more he could hear their wings, and their cries becoming more frequent. Then, hardly sure of his eyes, he made out vague shadows, striving against the wind which was becoming stronger; and in a few more seconds he could

23 September 1922

see fairly clearly about a dozen geese at the height of his head above the water, and within twenty yards. At the report of the two barrels the geese scattered, honking wildly, and one of them turned and flew right over his head. It is at these moments that cartridges come out of the pocket the wrong way, that they stick in the gun, or are dropped. But this was the wild-fowler's lucky night, for none of these things happened, and after firing two more barrels he saw the black shape fall into the water. He had heard two splashes when he emptied the first two barrels, and now he heard the geese retreating down the wind.

Then the pick up began. His spaniels were at their best, and with growing satisfaction he laid out on the grass where the boat was drawn up, a dozen mallard, as many teal, half as many gadwall, a couple of pochard, and a woodcock. Launching the boat he rowed out into the stormy lake to look for the geese—no easy task, as it was now quite dark, and to add to the discomfort of the weather a fine rain began to beat upon his face. But he had vowed that he would look until break of day for the noble quarry which it had been his luck to bring down. Between his labours and those of the spaniels he found them all, these white-fronted geese, and with them and the rest of the bag he left the lake to the wind and the rain. Not always would he have such a duck-flight as this. Such luck does not come often into the life of a wildfowler, especially the inland wildfowler. More often than not he might stand for what seems hours by the edge of a mere, shivering and wet, only to shoot one or two mallard, and then perhaps be unable to retrieve them. That is another addition to the charm of wildfowling, its uncertainty. But wildfowling loses much of this charm when the sportsman is cold and wet; to be warm and dry is his motto, but sometimes the water *will* leak in, and there are winds which cut through the thickest clothing. Even then the sportsman still stays out because something may come, and at last, as he turns to go home, he sees, in all probability, a solitary teal tearing towards him, and back to the water's edge he turns, to crouch again among the rushes.

THE TURF

Warwick, September 19

DONCASTER RACES were ruined by weather well worthy of a January Steeplechase Meeting, and there was little enjoyment in attending the Sales, so vile were the conditions. On the first day the course rode fairly well and Royal Alarm proved what a difference very heavy and treacherous going (as at Haydock, where he started a hot favourite) can make, by easily winning the Doncaster Handicap. I owe many apologies to DRAKE (Sir Eager—Lady Burghley) for criticizing his previous performances at Bibury and Goodwood and accepting them at their face value. Since then he has come on in appearance appreciably, just as Papyrus (Tracery—Miss Matty) struck me as having gone off. In the race, with plenty of time allowed him to settle down, Drake's long stride commanded the field throughout, and he will be a worthy opponent to Town Guard should they meet this season. All last year and the early part of this, the hard going made most of the jockeys ride the short races like butcher boys, and in many cases it paid them, for a good advantage at the start could often be made into an unassailable one at the end of three furlongs, if they kept their horses hard at it. In soft ground this is impossible, and the return to more normal riding will be greatly to the advantage of our horses. All the runners in the Great Yorkshire Handicap looked fit and well, but some of them did not run like it. Somebody asked me what was likely to win, and I said I would far sooner give a probable loser and named Irish Belfry, who won cleverly!

The top-weight Air Balloon seemed to get a bump as he was coming through to make his challenge. He

has vastly improved since last year. The St. Leger runners were a motley crew. The two French horses, with their mare's heads and rather mean appearance, suggested to me a degenerate type of race-horse. A perfect contrast was offered by the big, commanding Bucks Hussar, who looked well but short of muscle. Carpathus was more like a steeplechaser, and Caleb a moderate hurdle racer, than a classic candidate. Re-echo struck me as being the gentleman of the party and the best trained, whilst I liked the lengthy Diligence and strong-backed Fred Power better than Royal Lancer. Villars sweated so profusely that he must have lost many pounds in weight, but Silurian, very light of frame, looked as hard as nails. At the start, Ramus was left, as he always is, whilst Backwood and Diligence got muddled up with the tapes, which cost them many a length. Fred Power and Villars would not, or could not, gallop in the heavy going, but at a mile Argo and Re-echo looked to have good chances, when they stopped to nothing. Sanhedrin was very prominent coming into the straight, but, like Harpenden and White Satin, he is clearly a non-stayer, and Royal Lancer had little difficulty in coming away for an easy win. Guessing, I should place Ramus second if he had got off with the others.

On rather slender grounds, Twelve Pointer had been written up as a champion, and in the Tathwell Auction Stakes he let his supporters down badly, when he failed to stay so well as Parth and Legend. This places him in the second rank of youngsters. Sylvester, who, like some other winners at the meeting, was sweating prior to the race, completed the downfall of the poor backer by easily winning the Rufford Abbey Handicap. Recent form has been of little help in forecasting winners. On Thursday, in the steady downpour, the going soon became a quagmire, and little heed can be taken of the running of Kolinsky, Portsoy, Morning Light, Gomax and several others, who were handicapped by the conditions under foot. The one performance which stood out was that of the 3-year-old TWO STEP (Bachelor's Double—Dancing Dora) in the Portland Stakes. She must be a champion sprinter to win with 8 stone 10 lbs. in the saddle in such going. Granelly and Malva both ran well in this race. Anticipating an attack of influenza, I did not stay for Friday's racing, which was not of much account it would seem, as the Doncaster Cup was not a true gallop and the Prince of Wales's Nursery did not produce a high-class field. My idea that the 3-year-olds would do well against their older rivals was fairly justified by results. Leighon Tor, Two Step and Irish Belfry were the winners, and those beaten ran creditably. As regards stables, Manton was the most successful, while horses trained by Dick Dawson and Cottrill all showed up well. Bombay Duck, it will be worth remembering, was sexually amiss.

The Sales were satisfactory, for out of the three hundred and fifty-six lots that passed through the ring two hundred and eighty-four were sold for 190,153 guineas, which gives an average of 669½ guineas, as compared with the 649 guineas of 1921. Some of the ring failures were sold privately afterwards. The highest price was, as I suggested, paid for the filly by The Tetrarch—Lady Josephine, for whom Mr. Lambton gave 9,100 guineas. Fifty-eight youngsters fetched over 1,000 guineas (32 colts and 26 fillies) as compared with the fifty-four of last year (24 colts and 30 fillies). This year the colts were much better looking, and the one hundred and fifty-seven sold averaged 665 guineas, as against a hundred and twenty-seven fillies at 673 guineas.

One word of complaint is necessary against the inadequate amount of stabling provided for race-horses and the chaotic conditions prevalent in the yard. Accommodation booked previously was not forthcoming and some horses had a sorry time of it. Doncaster makes such a lot of money out of the races that false economy such as this is little less than disgraceful.

"L. G."

A LITTLE PLAY AND A GREAT ACTRESS

By JAMES AGATE

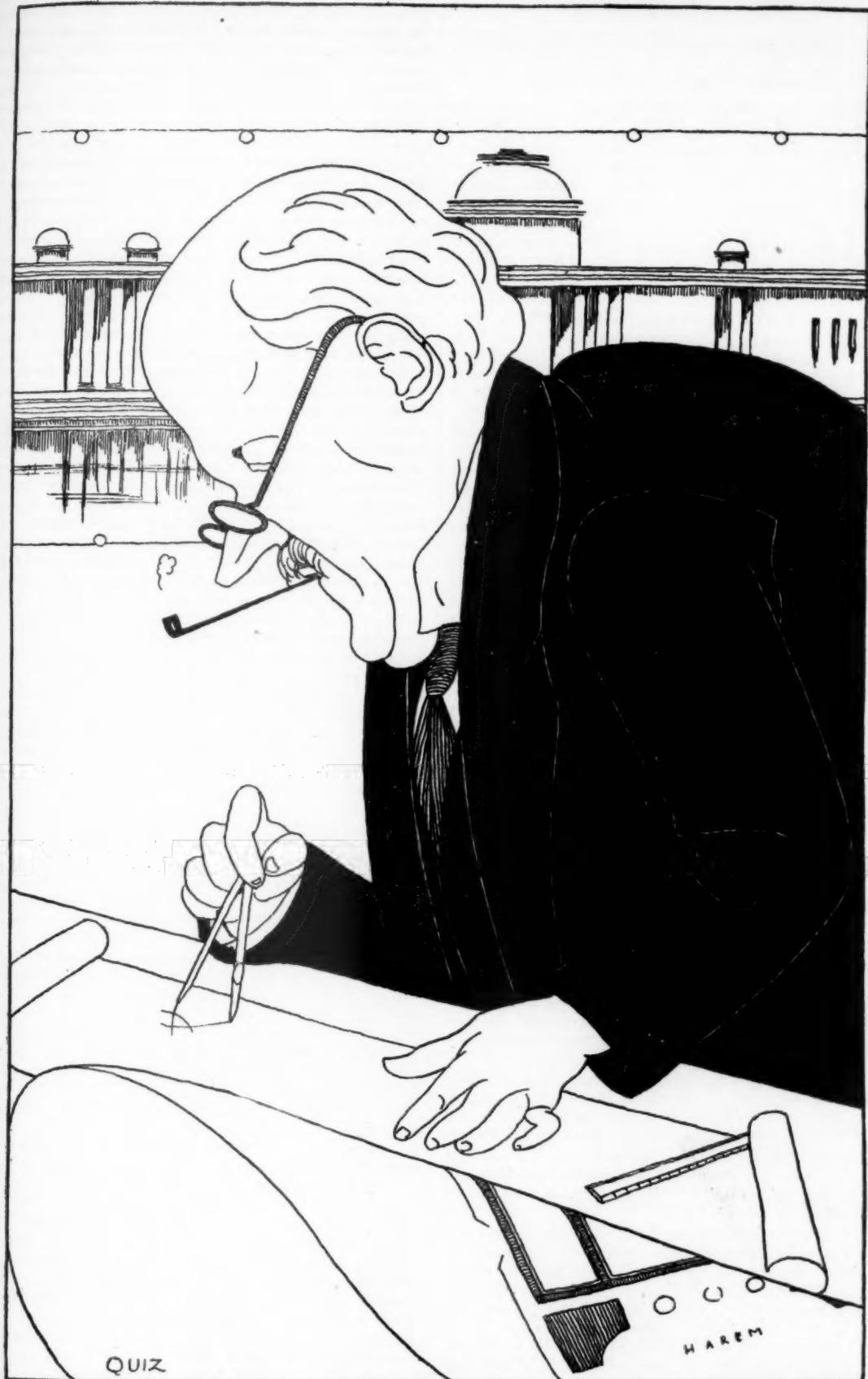
OME people have an annoying habit of saying to one: "Of course I read your notice. Tell me, what did you *really* think of the play?" And this after one has spent many anxious hours in getting on to paper one's exact shade of meaning. Others, who do not read one, are necessarily less subtle, but not less inquisitive. "I suppose you've seen 'Singing in the Wilderness'?" they say, with a fine off-hand assumption. "At the Omar Theatre, isn't it?" I probably counter, filling the gap and giving back the *réplique*. "Of course," they go on, somewhat guiltily, "it's awful nonsense, but we rather liked it." The trouble with these good people is that they use "but" when they mean "and therefore." They are ashamed to confess that a play is rubbish, and that they enjoy it just because it is rubbish. (There is, of course, a still happier class which likes the bad without knowing it to be bad. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be critical.)

I am inclined to blame the dramatic critics for what, in these playgoers, is really moral cowardice. The critics will insist upon applying to the theatre the specious apothegm that we needs must love the highest when we see it. Inversely they reason that whatever the public loves to see in its largest numbers must in its view be the highest art. Whereupon they bludgeon the poor dears for being stupid, instead of gently chiding them for being naughty. If only the critics would realize that a great part of the public has only to glimpse the lowest to fall in love with it. An eminent surgeon, who is also something of a philosopher, and a dab hand at the problems of cognition, once told me that his only reading-matter consisted of the latest surgical treatise and, after dinner, Emanuel Kant (in the original, I wormed out of him) and the racing novels of Nat Gould. He disliked indifferently Shakespeare and Dickens, Jane Austen and Pett Ridge; these took him back to life, whereas what he sought was escape. He never went to the theatre; no drama, he explained, was bad enough for him. I instance my friend as a typical member of the great public, who, untypically, was honest with himself and with me. Honesty by itself, however, does not constitute a critic, and I should hesitate to recommend this honest philosopher for a Chair of Letters. Willy-nilly the critic must don the Arthurian mantle; the whole reason for his existence lies in his acceptance of that old tag which poor Guinevere undoubtedly pinched from her dull lord. Should I, somewhat loosely, say of Mr. Roland Pertwee's 'I Serve,' at the Kingsway Theatre, that it was rubbish, *but* that I enjoyed it very much, I really mean that I found something to like in it which was very far from rubbish.

I had not intended to go to the play that afternoon. Passing the Kingsway, the Wemmick-like thought came into my head: "Here's a theatre; let's go in." So in I went, to the sparsely-filled pit. (It is good from time to time to mingle with human beings instead of first-nighters.) I had no programme and knew nothing of play or cast. A forebodingly comic plumber was mending a grate, while a maid-servant—arch and coy, I felt sure, as soon as she should turn round—was "answering the door" up-stage. (I have a rooted dislike to plays which begin like this.) Suddenly my heart gave a great leap; I recognized that the actress was Miss Edith Evans. From that moment this exquisite player held not only me but all that handful of an audience—the stalls, alas! were thin too—in thrall as poignant as that in which, years ago, Mr. George Moore held us with 'Esther Waters.' That novel was a masterpiece; this little play was to tremble too often on the brink of absurdity. Yet there was also to be found in it that which was both moving and true. The motive of the piece is illegitimacy; the thesis that it is the moral duty of the father to acknowledge his offspring. "Reconnaitre ses enfants" is a legal term in

France. To this end it is supposed that a law has been passed in this country, whereby a father may, by marriage at any time, legitimize his natural child. The mother is a maid-servant, her child a boy of sixteen. The father is unaware of the boy's existence, his old passion long since dead. He loves Kate's mistress. The maid, in turn, loves the sympathetic, not comic, plumber. But Kate is the most appalling little snob imaginable; she adores, most of all, a "gentleman," and is determined that her boy shall be one. She achieves incredible things, including a mastery of the Latin tongue, that she may fit him for a public school. She teaches him to call her "mater" and, so far as we can gather, conceals the fact that she is a servant. She inherits an unexpected fortune; her mistress loses hers. The two change places, and Kate supports her mistress's lover, who is also Kate's seducer, by giving him a job at three times his proper salary. Her mind is a morass of quasi-gentility, with tufts and tufts of natural gentleness. Kate's treatment of her former mistress is adorable; her translation to a new social stratum is dignified, unpretentious and honest. Yet she hankers ever, for her son's sake, after an engagement; to be announced, poor girl, in the *Morning Post*. To this end she employs blackmail—threatening the seducer with loss of his job—and the weak fellow consents to the marriage. We, who realize that the disadvantages of bastardy to the bastard are material and not spiritual, who know that the accident of legitimacy does nothing to make a man virtuous or wise, sober or brave, look on Kate's passion with amazement. The repair of her own "honesty" is never in question; what she is after is her boy's right to the "idea of" gentility. The whole point is that Kate sticks to her unreasoned and unreasonable faith as steadfastly as her betters will stand by a code which they have sounded utterly, that she orders her life by it, and will give up her lover in its behalf. That her outlook appears fantastic to us does not prevent it from being real to her. We look on at the conflict in this uneducated mind very much as an unequivocating Buddhist might survey the doubtings and distractions of a Robert Elsmere—in sympathy yet without participation. What Western morality is this, which is to rule at the expense of making everybody miserable, and does not even promote the happiness of the boy himself? He, decent fellow, as soon as he learns that his father is a gentleman, goes off to be an engineer. ("Gentleman," in Kate's mind, means a person with an inherited right to wear fine clothes; the word, for her, has only a polite, not moral, significance.) In the course of his engineering he is killed, so that Kate and her seducer find their respective happinesses. Our Buddhist would think that, surely, a curious morality which demands the sacrifice of an innocent person to make things comfortable all round. Suppose, too, that a man had two children by different women. Must he marry both? A thing may be beautiful, said Ruskin, which is yet utter balderdash. 'I Serve' is sometimes perilously like nonsense, yet it is full of beauty.

I have always found it difficult to keep my admiration of Miss Edith Evans within reasonable bounds. Her catty old ladies were creations after the heart of Louis Wain; her Cleopatra, according to Dryden, was a Lely, her young woman in 'Heartbreak House' a Sargent. Her Kate is the most finished piece of acting on the London stage to-day, perfect both spiritually and in externals, whether as the ultra-ladylike maid, or as the slightly vulgar *châtelaine*. It is the portrait of a great artist who possesses the gift of observation, a fine sense of comedy and the pathos of Mrs. Kendal. The end of the play found the little house in tears, with one exception. I had shed all mine in the earlier acts, in sheer joy at so much beauty and felicity. Mr. Sam Livesey, as the honest plumber, is extraordinarily good. So, too, is Mr. Pertwee himself, as the seducer. He does not pretend that the advent of the son is cataclysmal, or that no man before him has had a natural child.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. NO. 13

SIR EDWARD LUTYENS

Correspondence

LE PERMISSIONNAIRE D'ALLEMAGNE

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT)

MON petit soldat est venu me voir : en civil, bien qu'il ne soit là que pour deux jours, veston presque chic, chemise de fantaisie, chaussettes assorties à sa cravate qu'il a achetée à Wiesbaden et qui ne lui a coûté que quatre cents marks. Il parle, il parle avec abondance, avec des nuances de vocabulaire qui étonnent d'abord et intimident presque, mais qui finissent par rendre pénibles les petites incorrections inévitables chez un garçon qui a quitté l'école à douze ans.

Mon petit soldat discourt sur la zone d'occupation : je l'écoute avec une attention qui le ravit, tout en prenant mentalement de petites notes professionnelles. " Si les Boches sont pauvres ? " Oui, *la vie est noire* ; un ouvrier gagne 400 marks, il a toujours six ou sept enfants et une paire de souliers coûte 900 marks, came-lote, et 1,200 marks, passable. Alors, calculez. " L'air de souffrir ? " Non, pas du tout ; les gens sont mal habillés et les enfants vont nu-pieds à l'école, mais tout le monde a bonne mine et les jeunes gens sont d'une endurance surprenante. Il faut les voir. Tous les samedis soir, ils descendent de la Cambrousse (?) quelquefois en bandes, marchant au pas, souvent en petits groupes de quatre, six, ou huit, marchant au pas—deux Boches ensemble marchent au pas—with une mandoline et un petit four de campagne : ils couchent dans le bois, sur les pentes du Taunus, et marchent jusqu'à lundi matin. Pas besoin d'armée : on voit des filles habillées en vert qui feraient de fameux gendarmes (il rit et, voyant que son jeu d'esprit est perdu, m'explique que les gendarmes sont habillés de vert).

Rapports avec le civil ? Ni bons, ni mauvais, on ne les voit guère ; ceux qui en connaissent disent qu'ils sont faux, exactement comme ceux qui étaient ici pendant la guerre, " *ici même, Monsieur, dans votre maison ; j'ai vu un bien sale capitaine dans ce fauteuil où vous êtes.*" La religion fait une espèce de lien, les aumôniers divisionnaires s'entendent bien avec les pères boches à l'église mixte, et, à la Fête-Dieu, il n'y a eu qu'une seule procession : Français et Allemands, tous ensemble, épatait !

Tout cela agrémenté d'*excursus* de toutes sortes consacrés surtout à la réfutation des journaux. Un journaliste c'est toujours bête. " Il en vient au Foyer du Soldat, près du Rhin, l'ancienne Salle des Fêtes, Kolossal ! quatre jours après vous lisez l'article, ils n'ont rien compris à ce que vous leur avez dit."

Le monologue continue longtemps, coupé de mes petites questions de journaliste qui veut comprendre. Tandis que mon jeune soldat parle, je le regarde. Il n'a pas l'air militaire pour un sou, un peu voûté dans son veston bien coupé, les mains nerveuses, le regard souvent fixe. En effet ce n'est pas un soldat, c'est un civil habillé en militaire, tantôt électricien, tantôt comptable, raisonnant de tout, comprenant tout, n'ayant rien de la joie de vivre, s'amusant de tout et ne s'intéressant à rien, du vrai militaire. Ni mystère, ni atmosphère autour de ce garçon brillant.

Tout à coup je me rappelle les anciens soldats que j'ai connus dans mon enfance, camarades de mon père. Plusieurs comme lui, après leurs sept ans d'Afrique, avaient fait la guerre de Crimée ; d'autres avaient été au Mexique et connu ce général qui " avait une fois fait fusiller treize évêques avant son déjeuner " ; les plus jeunes avaient servi à Madagascar. Ils me paraissaient beaux dans leur maigre coloniale, l'ombre du casque à queue de cheval avait laissé une gravité sur leur front et pourtant il y avait du feu dans leurs yeux. Ils ne parlaient pas " du régiment " ou de " l'armée " comme aujourd'hui : ils disaient " quand j'étais en Afrique "—l'Algérie était encore un mot rare—and aussitôt, je voyais le soleil ardent de mes rêves, des

montagnes brûlées et le burnous et le cheval arabe d'Abd-El-Kader. Les chefs de ces Africains étaient des hommes dont le nom était dans l'histoire ; souvent leurs officiers de régiment étaient nobles, élégants chercheurs d'aventures, et leurs hommes les appelaient le marquis—plutôt que le lieutenant—un tel. En tout ce que j'entendais il y avait l'évocation d'un temps et de pays lointains, d'hommes et d'actions chevaleresques.

Aujourd'hui tout le monde est soldat, la nation armée n'est plus un mot de théoriciens, mais on est un civil habillé en militaire et il faut l'immense ébranlement d'une grande guerre pour vous transformer en poilu. Les jeunes gens n'ont plus comme ceux de 1850 l'impression que " tomber au sort " peut bien être une calamité pour une famille, mais que c'est une distinction pour celui que cette funeste chance désignait autrefois à l'attention du village. Le jeune soldat commence et finit son service dans la petite ville voisine et fait vingt fois plus de réapparitions au logis, sur sa bicyclette, que son grand-père n'écrivait de lettres datées de Sétif ou d'Aïn-Sefra. Il n'y a plus rien de rare ni de mystérieux dans le métier de soldat.

Les officiers sont connus de tout le pays : bon nombre d'entre eux ont été vus sergents ou adjudants avant de gagner leurs galons—même s'ils les ont gagnés en Champagne ou à Verdun—Ils font partie d'une grande chose plus qu'ils ne sont grands eux-mêmes. La conséquence est que les jeunes hommes qu'ils commandent sentent plus l'énorme machinisme militaire qu'ils ne sont sensibles à la valeur de leurs chefs. Tout cela fait un ensemble d'où le mystère est absent et où l'intelligence critique se joue à l'aise, avec une aisance amère parfois, quand l'éloquence tâche trop visiblement de transformer la réalité terre à terre.

Les soldats d'autrefois étaient des poètes sans le savoir, ceux d'aujourd'hui sont des analystes parfaitement conscients de ce qu'ils donnent et de ce qu'ils reçoivent. Cela ajoute peut-être à leur patriotisme mais cela leur ôte de leur charme et ils sont de bons témoins de ce que le modernisme produit dans notre civilisation.

A Woman's Causerie

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

ENGLISH may become in a hundred years or so the universal language. To believe this confirms those who do not speak any other tongue, for though they will not be alive to enjoy swearing at foreign porters in words understood by them, it soothes their self-respect to know that the language they speak will one day out-talk every other. But in spite of Australia, and other pink-spotted possessions on the map, it is not we who will bring about this strike against Babel. It is the English-speaking North Americans who, turning the beautiful English of the Bible into fiery drugs of expressive slang, will, no doubt, succeed in thrusting it down the guttural or oily throats of verbally conquered races. But, as we value the purity of our language, it is our duty to make an effort—a very great effort—to teach our young other languages besides our own, so that in this way we can put off that noisy hour when everybody will be able to disagree, fluently, if ungrammatically, with everybody else. At present interpreters save a few of the worst complications. Fortunately, too, the French will probably persist in making a firm stand against speaking any language but their own. To save our own, we must keep alive other languages.

* * *

We are told that the system of education in England makes it difficult for children to speak two languages at the same time. Schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are always blamed for any fault in educational systems.

I know only a few heads of schools, but I know a great many parents, and it seems to me that those who educate children often fight against dull prejudice and duller indifference with wonderful courage. The teaching of languages can only be carried out successfully if parents work with the schoolmaster and do not let his efforts of term-time disappear in the home slackness of the holidays. If children have had foreign nurses—none can be compared to good English ones for unselfish devotion, and it is better to begin languages with the nursery governess after the age of four—when they go to school the extra language is forgotten in three months. It is useless to delude ourselves that they can easily pick it up again—a language once forgotten is lost. But it is not the fault of the schoolmaster that it is lost.

* * *

Abroad (I mean by this in most European countries where children are usually educated at day schools) it is easy enough to keep up two or more languages. At meals the home language is rarely spoken, and French, English and German take its place. It is thus that the foreign parent helps the schoolmaster; he insists on the child learning a language thoroughly and nothing comes before the child's education in that. In England, fortunes are spent at schools, but much less trouble is taken with the child at home. To learn an extra tongue is no effort for a child's brain; most of the Welsh peasants speak English and Welsh, and it is not regarded there as a sign of great intelligence to be bi-lingual.

* * *

Foreigners are inclined mildly to despise English people for what appears to them to be a proud muteness, though to be ready with many languages is a form of mental gymnastics that comes partly from a good memory and partly from an easy power of imitation. Diplomats, waiters and couriers have not always first-rate brains, though they can, often, ask for their food in six languages. Even the ability to talk in sixteen is of no real use unless it is accompanied by a scholarly or scientific mind. This English muteness is the fault of English parents who refuse to see that the value of knowing other languages lies in becoming familiar with other literature, and thus with the soul of other races. And this is very much more important than the easy cosmopolitanism that leads nowhere.

* * *

Seriously, though, I cannot see why the idea should be encouraged in England, as well as abroad, that English people are not good linguists. I know Englishmen who can lecture in Paris in French, and many who can speak various languages perfectly. It is, as I have tried to point out, only a matter of education. Counting even the difficulties put in the way of any continuous study of foreign languages by the school life of a boy and girl, there are always the holidays, when if parents took half the trouble with their children's minds that they take with their amusements, they would be able to keep up any language started in the nursery. There are those who have done so.

* * *

Intelligent children love to stretch their brains as they love to stretch their legs, and their desire to learn must not be met by an attitude of prejudice against foreigners and foreign languages. It is absurd to limit our children to a knowledge of one tongue when they can with ease learn others, and in doing so can gain pleasure. And let us remember that a knowledge of languages is not part of the useless frills of the upper classes, but a basis of education for all. Knowledge means toleration, and what toleration means we have—most of us—yet to learn.

Vol

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

IS GREAT BRITAIN GUILTY?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The controversy on the above subject is becoming very interesting, and our thanks are due to Mrs. Charlotte Mansfield for coming forward with the facts that we cannot all always have in front of us. It is a pity that however irrefutable the argument in favour of the British, one always finds a Britisher to decry his country.

Dean Inge only implied, somewhat pointedly, that Britain was guilty, but Mr. Samson is most emphatic about it and supports his statement by mere allegations that we did not imitate Germany in our language, but used polite expressions to point out what England would do. To my mind, Sir Edward Grey's statement of July 29 could leave no possible doubt in the minds of the Germans, after they had already, on July 18, 1914 (see Mrs. Mansfield's letter), expressed as their opinion that, in the event of war, we would be against them. But I believe, Sir, that Mr. Samson and those who think like him will never be convinced, however strong the argument that is put forward, for the simple reason that they lack understanding in all questions favouring their country.

The matter has already been settled, and settled definitely, by the Commission appointed by the Peace Conference at Versailles to investigate the war-guilt. Their verdict is short but trenchant. I have not the text in front of me, but it runs like this: Germany has deliberately wrecked all measures at conciliation repeatedly proposed by the other Powers, or, to put it in other words: The guilt rests with Germany! Perhaps this report will have enhanced value in the eyes of Mr. Samson and those who think like him, when I add that the four independent German representatives designated by the German Government to report on this matter, concurred in the decision.

To my mind, Sir, the greatest value of the controversy is that it has attracted people who have studied this question, like Mrs. Mansfield, to come forward and remind us of the facts of the case as they are (the British having such short memories), and for this reason those who still have any patriotism left in them will be grateful to the lady for her reply to Dean Inge.

I am, etc.,

LEON RENAUD

1, Garden Court, Middle Temple

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It will not be surprising if Mr. Samson's contribution returns to us one day from Germany, as a piece of German propaganda in the scurrilous literature with which at present the world is being flooded, trying to prove that Germany was forced into the war by guilty England. Mr. Samson argues that my extracts prove that Dean Inge's conclusion is correct, that the British Government misled the Germans and that the British Government must have been aware of the intentions of the Central Powers. Mr. Samson is probably unacquainted with the fact that my extracts are from documents which were published for the first time in 1919, and, therefore, could not have been known to our Government in 1914. If they had been known at that time, the whole world would have risen as one man against Germany.

The extracts which I gave, and many others I could quote, prove not only the secrecy with which Germany was pushing Austria into this business, but also the deceitful way in which the German diplomats misled Sir Edward Grey regarding his mediation proposal (see despatch of July 27). On July 18, or five days before the Note was presented in Belgrade, the Germans were already of the opinion that we would be against them in the case of war.

Mr. Samson says that to "act quickly" in case France was dragged into it, does not mean active intervention. If Mr. Samson will look up the records, he will find it means: "That England would do all in their power to prevent war. If, however, France was attacked without any provocation on her part, England would be compelled to come to her assistance. England would never allow that the Germans, as was provided for in their old plan of campaign, should march through Belgium to attack France." (Extract from a German publication.)

Mr. R. Lee states that France, with Britain, had promised to stand by Russia. May I ask him to give chapter and verse where and when England had made such a promise? I hope that his source is not a German one.

I am, etc.,

CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD

62, Nevers Square, S.W. 5

THE LION'S SHARE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The SATURDAY REVIEW deserves credit for throwing open its columns to an endeavour to stop the historic ship *Lion* from going on the scrap heap, but we have to remember that her retention would set up several practical problems:

1. Expenditure.
2. Contravention of Washington Treaty.
3. Method of preservation.

1. From the sentimental point of view it may be assumed that we should all be in agreement, but the conversion for harbour service of such a ship means considerable expenditure for a service for which she is not really required or adapted, and this at a time when economy is the gospel preached everywhere.

2. The Washington Treaty definitely provides for her destruction, and any deviation from our plighted word may be looked upon with suspicion. The Admiralty is strongly opposed to asking for concessions.

3. If these difficulties are put aside the best method of procedure to ensure economy would be to sell her to a shipbuilder for whatever can be obtained, on the condition that the engines and boilers are removed and the hull returned without unnecessary damage, so that it might be prepared for use for storage or show purposes. It is evident that the engines could only be preserved at considerable expenditure for labour, while the vast spaces opened up by their removal would give room, and also an idea of the bulk of such giant ships.

There would still be expense for caretakers, moorings, etc., but for a partially-stripped ship these would not be a heavy item.

I am, etc.,
Spa Hotel, Bath

C. A. BEARD

[We cannot think that any signatory to the Washington Treaty would object to the retention of the *Lion* in a denuded state as an exhibit. The notion of removing her engines, suggested by our correspondent (in addition to the dismantling of her guns, etc.) should completely satisfy all susceptibilities. The questions of expenditure and methods of preservation are dealt with in a Note of the Week.—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your efforts to save H.M.S. *Lion* from the ignominy of destruction have been met by a semi-official statement by the Admiralty to the effect that the suggestion is impracticable. It seems to me very surprising that the Admiralty itself should be so deaf to the call of tradition as to be unwilling to try to save this ship. I could understand it if it were a case of the wishes of the Admiralty being overruled by that of the Cabinet—in the days of the Liberal Government "Little Englanders," prior to 1914, we grew used to this position of affairs. But things have come to a pass when the Admiralty itself has lost the sense of tradition which has built the British Navy.

I am, etc.,
F. ROBERTSON RICHARDS

THE SICKNESS OF EUROPE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In an editorial footnote to a letter on September 9, you say "the devastated regions (of France) are being very rapidly rebuilt." I ended only a few weeks ago my third wander through these areas since 1919, and for "very rapidly rebuilt" would substitute "are being rebuilt with haste, energy and remarkable courage."

Residences of one sort and another have been provided for a large proportion of the former inhabitants, and the new roofs and white walls, scattered in clumps all over the country side, make a brave show as viewed from railway carriage and motor cars. But investigation disillusion. In relation to what has to be done before the former life of the area can be re-created the rebuilding is not very rapid, but quite the contrary. Some villages, it seems to have been decided, can never be rebuilt, and in some large towns the amount of visible rebuilding is still microscopic. Furthermore, many of the new houses and cottages have been put up so hastily that they will not last many years, and meanwhile are mere pillboxes compared to those that they replace.

All this is natural and almost inevitable in view of the shortage of material, labour, and transport; and the only wonder in many cases is that sufficient courage to undertake the task should have been forthcoming. Consider what it all means: often the localities are so smashed that it is a work of time to tell even where the old streets ran, and when this has been done, town or village councils still have to determine the exact limits of each former house-site. Often, too, the pre-war owners of the latter have vanished and questions of inheritance have to be settled. Then the streets have to be cleared of masses of debris, their surfaces mended, gas and water mains remade and drainage provided.

These preliminary difficulties overcome, it is "up" to each individual owner to settle for himself whether he will rebuild his dwelling or try to sell the site to some speculator and himself restart life elsewhere. He can rebuild only if he has a "stocking" or is able to borrow privately. For the Government, afraid lest reparation funds should be misused, will pay only for work actually done.

But beyond this, rebuilding is not necessarily synonymous with re-creation of the former life either of any given individual

or of any given locality. It is eight years since the life of the devastated areas ceased, and it will be at least another eight, I am afraid, before it can be regarded as re-created. And, even then, there will still be room to weep for the beautiful old houses or villages that many of us learned to regard as homes when "out of the line" in 1914-1917, and which were swept out of existence by the German advance in the Spring of 1918.

I am, etc.,

NEVILLE HOLT

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—There have been a few things in the correspondence section of recent issues of the SATURDAY REVIEW that were more "nerves" than reasons, and had better be overlooked. Concerning the economic state of France, I ask permission to make two enquiries.

(1) Did the British Press give sufficient publicity to the strange omission by Mr. Lloyd George, in his estimate of the French losses in the war, of the enormous figure representing devastation? The Prime Minister limited himself to a statement of our military expenses proper which, owing, above all, to the French soldier's *sobriété*, were smaller than they might have been.

(2) Do people in England who complain of what they call our under-taxation bear in mind: (a) that devastation cannot be taxed, (b) that over-taxation is regarded as injurious by many economists, and (c) that the French pay far larger taxes than their Budget seems to indicate? This third point ought to be especially noticed. We pay taxes, sometimes without knowing it, all the time. I only very lately discovered that I have to pay duty when I buy a box of tar lozenges or when my lost umbrella is returned to me, not at the Lost Property Office, but in the bus waiting-room, where I left it. Our postage has become very expensive. The present writer pays an overtax of between 300 and 350 francs a year on that item alone, an enormous sum compared to a small budget.

The cost of living, which is distinctly higher in Paris than in London, is in many cases a form of taxation. "M. L. M." writes that "France must be made to realize that, like Shylock, she may not take her pound of flesh without spilling blood." My dear Sir, I have never yet seen that German pound of flesh, but I can assure you that a writer and professor living in Paris feels the cold of the knife oftener than may be imagined.

I am, etc.,

ERNEST DIMNET

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The first paragraph in "Notes of the Week," in the SATURDAY REVIEW of September 16, is surely written under a misapprehension of the value and effect of the single transferable vote, the so-called proportional representation of the P.R. Society.

The method of the Society, through its secretary, is to point out the undoubted advantages of representing the majority and minority of voters in their relative strengths, and to give mathematical examples showing how beautiful it would be. They do not point out that the single transferable vote does not have these results and can only have them by chance, and the casual reading public and the careless politician have been deceived. I took the trouble to disentangle their literature some years ago and wrote a paper on it, not exhaustive of its errors, but sufficiently damning. The subject requires some hours' concentration; concentration bores people, especially politicians, and I dropped trying to enlighten people, knowing that the results obtained wherever it was adopted would kill it. But it is a waste of human energy.

The North Irish or anyone else would be right to drop it. It is interesting to study the report on the last Australian election in which the P.R. method was used. They are gnashing their teeth already. Many things I knew must have happened. I haven't a copy of the report: I only read a résumé in the daily Press.

I am, etc.,

RANDALL WELLS

THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It was refreshing to read in your last issue the letters from D. S. A. Cosby and C. F. Ryder on the state of affairs, not in Mesopotamia or in Palestine, about the "government" of which our politicians seem to be exercised, but in a place much nearer home—and hence, one would have thought, more amenable to our "freedom" (sic) and our benevolent laws. For I confess I have always thought that your paper, admirable in every way and full of information as it is, was for some reason a little lukewarm in denouncing a very terrible state of affairs, possibly because you accept the *fait accompli*—as in the case of "Fred who was alive and is dead, so there's no more to be said." Personally, it seems to me that these letters should be read and read again, for reasons of humanity.

No one knows the country who is not connected with it, but those who do can endorse every word. An admirable book on the situation was one written by the Duke of Argyll at the time of his schism with Gladstone in 1883, called "Irish Nationalism." Written by one of undoubted ability, it goes to the root of the matter, no less as it was then, than as it now is. The victims of the present chaos have certainly not deserved the ills that have

beaten them, hence any mitigation we can offer and any help we can give is not only their due but the only thing that can save England as a nation from the charge of utter humbug. What your correspondent says about General Mulcahy and "British public intelligence" is only too self-evident.

I am, etc.,

EVRE COOTE

West Park, Damerham, Salisbury

[We assure our correspondent that our sympathy with Irish loyalists is far from lukewarm. But, as he says, we accept the *fait accompli*: to attempt now to undo what is done would make confusion worse confounded.—ED. S.R.]

THE "MARTIN'S ACT" CENTENARY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—This year being the centenary of the passing of "Martin's Act," the first on our Parliamentary Statute Book for the protection of animals from cruelty, the event has been celebrated by the leading societies for promotion of humane treatment of animals. This irrepressible pioneer of kindness to animals, Richard Martin, known among his friends as "Humanity Dick," and nicknamed by George IV "Humanity Martin," appears to have been what his countrymen the Irish call "a broth of a boy." "Urbanity towards women, benevolence towards men, and humanity towards the brute creation" was the terse phrase in which a life-long friend expressed his character. And was not such a character a trinity of the supreme manly virtues?

The disinterested genuineness of Martin's motives is shown in the fact that he twice refused a peerage, and died a ruined man in his eightieth year

I am, etc.,

MAURICE L. JOHNSON

The Polygon, Clifton, Bristol

THE ROAD TO ROME

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Road maps are perhaps the most interesting of all maps, and of them I know none more full of interest than the map route of the St. Albans monks from London to Rome in the middle of the thirteenth century, preserved in the British Museum. It crosses from Dover to Wissant, runs through Terouanne—a city wiped out in the sixteenth-century wars—and Arras to St. Quentin, Reims, Châlons, Troyes, Chatillon, skipping Dijon and running down the Côte d'Or to Lyon, from which it went to Mont Cenis through Chambery. It is a very good route, dating from Roman times, with its halts at a distance of a Roman day's march. But the other day I turned to one of the most important of recent works on France and found a map showing the trade routes of France in the thirteenth century, presumably drawn up by an eminent historian, which shows Calais as the port of shipment to England, and no connexion between important towns on the route. Calais only became the port for Channel trade after its capture by the English, when Wissant sank to the state of a fishing village. The alternative trade route from Paris to London is equally neglected. It lay through Beaumont, Beauvais, Poix, St. Riquier, and Montreuil to Wissant—again a Roman road. Maps of this kind are a part of history, and should not be tampered with, especially as they are marked on the Peutinger Map, a copy of the old Roman diagram of the post roads from Rome through the Empire. Two puzzles in this map of St. Albans have never been solved. Why does it say "Troyes en Bourgogne," and where was "Fleurus," the stage between Châlons and Beaune which replaced Dijon?

I am, etc.,

ROBERT STEELE

Savage Club

ROYALIST REVELATIONS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In reference to the review of Capt. Wheatley-Crowe's book, "Royalist Revelations," which appeared in your issue of August 19, in which Capt. Wheatley-Crowe reveals the story of a sturdy defence of King Charles the Martyr's memory, I have not the least wish to disparage what your reviewer claims for the Whigs in regard to the murder of that good king. But I am not at all sure that Dr. Hensley Henson would not claim that his action in seeking to dethrone King Charles in Convocation recently was not consonant with Whiggery.

Dr. Hensley Henson's "influence" in Convocation is famous. It is a pity he will not admit the debt his Church owes to Charles the First's devotion thereto. Bishop Henson has never publicly explained his action on this subject, and I for one have not forgotten that Dr. Henson was one who was ready to "sell" the Church Schools to the Government a few years ago.

I am, etc.,

"JUSTICE OF THE PEACE"

Cambridge

Reviews

MR. CHESTERTON SURVEYS AMERICA

What I Saw in America. By G. K. Chesterton. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d. net.

IT is the habit of the present reviewer, when confronted with a book by Mr. Chesterton, to look at once at the first and last sentences. The same precaution may profitably be taken in the case of each chapter, because Mr. Chesterton is before everything else a journalist, and his books are not so much done on a continuous plan as made out of a series of what are really separate newspaper articles. Every book, and in most cases every chapter, begins with a paradox and ends with a peroration. 'What I Saw in America' illustrates this habit of Mr. Chesterton's very delightfully indeed, for he begins "I have never managed to lose my old conviction that travel narrows the mind," and he ends with some exuberant rhetoric about freedom being an eagle "whose glory is gazing at the sun," at which you feel inclined to murmur "loud cheers, during which the right honourable gentleman resumed his seat." This, and a certain excessive loquacity, are growing upon Mr. Chesterton. He is more and more at the mercy of a habit of trivial association which will lead him pages away from the arguments he starts upon and necessitate the expense of prodigies of ingenuity in the task of getting back. When he is discussing prohibition, for instance, he is unhappy enough to remember some *Punch* drawing in which a cabman, contemplating an intoxicated fare, said he only wished he had half his complaint. This pleasant but not highly significant joke is made the excuse for a page and a half of embroidery which has the slenderest possible connexion with the subject in hand.

Then there is Mr. Chesterton's practice, which is growing upon him, of attributing awe, solemnity and a sense of doom to the most trivial affairs—the awful spectacle of one's maiden aunt and so on—of which there is a good deal too much in this book. Finally, there is his laborious habit of re-tracing his steps to first principles by the route described in his own poem, 'When the Rolling English Drunkard Made the Rolling English Road.' But in spite of all this, and in spite of the parentheses of argument which grow so thickly that you feel that America is peeping through from time to time just to see how things are getting on, this book does contain a great deal of acuteness and wisdom. It does seem, too, to lay emphasis for the first time on aspects of American social organization which are apt to escape the notice of travellers who only go to the bigger cities of the east and so remain unaware of the immense agricultural population and civilization of the middle west. It is on the importance of the middle west as a factor in the future of America that Mr. Chesterton has most to say that is valuable—on that and on the truth which has been revealed to him, though it has been hidden from most English visitors, that the greatest obstacle to the mutual understanding of America and ourselves is the ill-guided enthusiasm of those who lay stress on the English-speaking bond and on alleged Anglo-Saxon solidarity.

On prohibition Mr. Chesterton frankly makes us a little impatient. We find it difficult to believe, and information from Americans themselves justifies that difficulty, that prohibition is a gigantic sham. We believe that on the whole it is carried out in the spirit in which it was intended, and, indeed, if it were not so it would be impossible to explain the fury of its opponents. Mr. Chesterton seems to us to have fallen into the error of assuming that it is a policy enforced by the rich on the poor in order that the poor may work more for the benefit of the rich, and he supports that theory by accounts of the plenitude of wine and

other forms of alcohol provided for him at private houses. He does not seem to realize that the American upper-class man has never been a wine drinker in his own country, and that he habitually drinks only iced water with his meals. What Mr. Chesterton mistook for privilege was really only the exercise of hospitality. As for the working classes in the States, it is surely inconsistent to emphasize, as Mr. Chesterton does, their genuine enthusiasm for work and their sense of work being the fun of life, and then to complain that the fun has vanished with the vanishing of beer.

THE SALONICA EXPEDITION

The Macedonian Campaign. By Luigi Villari. Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.

M. R. VILLARI, who bears a name well known alike to English and Italian readers, was certainly the right man in the right place when he was appointed a liaison officer at Salonica. He now publishes an excellent English version—with certain modifications and additions—of the Italian work in which he recently told his fellow-countrymen about the fine performance of their contingent in the Macedonian campaign. It is a useful and unpretentious contribution to the history of the recent war, and gives the best general account which we have yet seen of the operations of the Allied forces in the Salonica salient. It is pleasant to read of the excellent relations which always existed between the British and the Italians. "During the two years in which the Italians fought on the Macedonian front," says Mr. Villari, "there was never the slightest conflict or disagreement between ourselves and the British, which is more, I venture to think, than can be said for any other two armies on that front." The Army of the Orient—as the French grandiloquently christened the Salonica force—was a very mixed team. Mr. Villari remarks on the collection of different uniforms which was commonly visible in the streets of Salonica, and discriminates in an interesting fashion between the qualities of the various contingents. Whilst paying a well-deserved tribute to the fighting dash and gallantry of the French troops in action, he points out that their discipline at the rear and on the lines of communication left much to be desired. "Once they were away from the front these men seemed to forget the respect due to their officers, who seldom dared to reprimand them even for quite serious disciplinary offences." On the other hand, the discipline of the British troops was equally well maintained in the front line and at the base, though Mr. Villari does not disguise the fact that drunkenness was by no means uncommon at Salonica, even among officers, but it was a quiet gentlemanly kind of drinking which seldom led to serious trouble. He pays a high tribute to the soldierly bearing of our camouflaged civilians, "equal to that of their professional comrades, but without a trace of that militarism which made the Prussian so justly disliked." The native population, accustomed for long centuries to associate military occupation with the reign of licence, was struck by the fact that "this was the first war in which, as regards the British area, women could move about the country freely, without fear of being molested."

Mr. Villari's account of the long stalemate period at Salonica and of the operations which led to the ultimate break-through is able, concise and accurate. He considers that the appointment of General Sarrail was an unfortunate selection; what, indeed, could be expected when the choice for that officer himself—who thought the post beneath his rank—lay between Salonica and Limoges? The trouble with General Sarrail was that "he subordinated his whole military activity to political considerations," and that these political considerations were of the narrowest and most personal kind. He was not the right man for the chief command at Salonica. It was only after his departure that the great force marooned there had a chance of showing what it could do. The admirable execution

of the plan originated by General Guillaumat and perfected by General Franchet d'Esperey—helped, of course, by the loss of *moral* which spread so rapidly through all the troops of the Central Powers after August 8—at last justified the Macedonian campaign. But it had been a weary wait, as Mr. Villari vividly shows.

THE ARAB PROBLEM

The Heart of Arabia. By H. St. J. B. Philby. Constable. 2 vols. 63s. net.

TOWARDS the end of 1917, when the war seemed still far from approaching a decision, a British Mission was sent from Bagdad into Central Arabia to explore the possibilities of co-operation between the Arabs in that region and the Allies. The particular enemy to be attacked was, of course, the Turk, and the British, almost exclusively, represented the Allies. The situation was interesting and not without promise. The principal figure among the Arabs hostile to the enemy was Ibn Saud, the powerful Emir of the Nejd and the head of the fanatical and warlike Wahabis. His chief opponent in that area was Ibn Rashid, the Emir of the Shammar, whose country lay north of the Nejd. Some twenty years previously, Rashid had been in occupation of the Nejd, but had been driven out by Saud, the story of whose capture of Riyadh, his capital, with a mere handful of followers is one of the romances of history—as Mr. Philby recalls in his book. Later, when Saud advanced into the Shammar he found that the Turks were helping Rashid, and he had to retire. Shortly before the war broke out, however, he revenged himself on the Turks by attacking them in the Hassa, on the Persian Gulf, and he defeated them with such completeness that they evacuated that province. The Turks would doubtless have retaliated, but before they had time to organize an expedition they were swept into the vortex of the war. Thus the stage was set—Ibn Saud on one side, and on the other Ibn Rashid and the Turks. In 1915 Ibn Saud, stirred up by the British, attacked the enemy, but, owing to the treachery of part of his troops, was defeated in battle. It was after that failure that the British turned to Husein, the Grand Sherif of Mecca, who eventually proclaimed himself King of the Hejaz, and, not content with that, styled himself King of the Arabs—to the unmitigated disgust of Ibn Saud, who considered himself a much greater Arab prince. But Saud retained his hatred of Ibn Rashid and the Turks and his friendship with the British. So in 1917 the Mission went forth to him from Bagdad, and Mr. Philby was in charge of it.

In his book, which is excellently illustrated with photographs and maps, Mr. Philby gives not only an account of this Mission, but a great deal of information which is new and interesting about Central Arabia. Incidentally, much fresh light is thrown upon the Arab problem. The British people have not yet realized that Britain has in effect turned Arabia into a Protectorate; yet such is the truth, however it may be concealed. This being so, Mr. Philby's intimate descriptions of the Arabs in their various relations, political, religious and economic, deserve to be read and studied. One of the objects of his Mission was the cultivation of friendly relations among the various Arab States which had adhered to the Allied cause—an extremely difficult, if not impossible task, for nowhere in the whole world is the tribal feud so widespread and inveterate as among the Arabs, nor has this state of things been modified by a common adherence to the Allied cause. A year or two ago Ibn Saud inflicted a severe defeat on King Husein, whose pretensions he cannot abide; and peace is kept between them now only because Ibn Saud has been bought off by the British Government with a subsidy of £60,000 a year.

The Mission, however, had two other objects of pressing importance at the time. The first was to secure the efficient prosecution of the blockade of enemy

territory on the Arab side, and the second was the utilization of the military resources of the friendly Arab States in the direction that was most desirable in the war. The pursuit of these objects led Mr. Philby to go into the Nejd to see Ibn Saud, discover his views, and perchance encourage him to action. As it happened, he needed no encouragement. With considerable detail Mr. Philby narrates his journey—which eventually took him right across Arabia from east to west, from the Gulf to the Red Sea, and partly along the famous Pilgrim Road. Other journeys he took, several of them into hitherto unknown districts, with much profit now to students of geography. But for the general reader interest centres in his vivid pictures of Ibn Saud, a truly remarkable man, and of his rival Husein, of the Hejaz, a tyrannical and embittered prince, whose vain dream was the establishment of an Arab Empire. That dream was shattered, according to Mr. Philby, by Husein's own son Feisal—at present, by grace of Mr. Churchill, King of Iraq.

A PIOUS TASK

Tex. By Stephen McKenna. Butterworth. 10s. 6d. net.

THE late Alexander Texeira de Mattos, who died in 1921 at the age of fifty-six, had earned the right to be remembered as one of the best and most conscientious of translators. His versions of Maeterlinck, Fabre, Couperus and other foreign writers have helped to remove the reproach which Matthew Arnold cast on the usual English performance of this "journey-work of literature" in the Victorian age. He wished, however, to be remembered "not as a man of letters, but as a friend, a connoisseur of life, a man of sympathy unaging and zest unstaled, a lover of simple jests, a laughing philosopher." Mr. McKenna, who was deeply attached to him, has given effect to this wish by the publication of a number of extracts from the letters which passed between the two friends since 1916.

These letters are natural and gay-hearted, trivial and entertaining. The correspondents evidently wrote for each other's gratification—not, like Stevenson, with an eye on future publication. Otherwise we should hardly have seen Mr. McKenna confessing that he thinks 'As You Like It' an "uncommonly bad play," or Mr. de Mattos characterizing Mr. E. V. Lucas as "the modern Addison." It is this unreserve and intensely personal quality which give the book its indubitable interest.

We may extract two of the many excellent stories which the correspondents were fond of telling each other. Mr. de Mattos writes from Sligo that two ladies, treating each other in a public-house, were told they could not have any more drinks because Martial Law was on the people. One of them did not understand who Martial Law was, and was told by her friend, "Whist, don't be showing your ignorance, ma'am! Don't ye know he's a brother of Bonar Law's?" Mr. McKenna tells a story of a member of a well-known family who, after conversing with a stranger in a railway carriage, was asked his name. "Cave-Brown-Cave," he replied. "And may I ask yours?" "Home-Sweet-Home," answered his infuriated interlocutor. One of the best puns we have lately heard was that committed by Mr. de Mattos in speaking of rowdies engaged in a charabancquet on the Brighton front. Mr. McKenna's introductory sketch of his friend is an admirable piece of work—"inane munus, but all that a friend can do."

WORDS DERIVED FROM PERSONS

Lives Enshrined in Language. By the Rev. T. Stenhouse. Walter Scott. 4s. 6d. net.

RECENTLY the world has been invited to celebrate the invention of "Marcelled" hair. Words of this sort derived from proper names are an attractive side of philology, and Dr. Stenhouse has collected some interesting matter in his little book. Unfor-

tunately he does not shine in arrangement or accuracy; he strays beyond his theme and lectures at large. Quotations are dumped down from the Oxford Dictionary in an awkward style—e.g., concerning Stoicism, which goes back to a porch, not a person. Dr. Stenhouse compiled his work when blindness was coming on, but he should not have published it in its present careless form. He has made Bacon misquote a famous line of Lucretius, and might have learnt from that philosopher's Essays that it was Vespasian, not Hadrian, who was sarcastic on his deathbed about becoming a god. Dooley was a person with a shop in the Strand and did, on good authority, give his name to a napkin. The date of another London tradesman, Pinchbeck, is wrong by a century. The colleges named after Mary of Magdala in Oxford and Cambridge, differ in spelling. The couplet called a paraphrase (p. 29) is by Sir John Harrington. It is not, however, our business to revise the book. Dr. Stenhouse ought to do that himself, as his eyesight is now restored. He should be above the carelessness which floods the market with casual stuff and makes scholarship useless.

AN INDIAN MISCELLANY

Bygone Days in India. By Douglas Dewar. The Bodley Head. 18s. net.

M R. DOUGLAS DEWAR, hitherto known chiefly as an observant and vivacious writer about Indian birds, appears in this volume, on the whole less creditably, as the gossiping historian of Anglo-Indian society in the days of the Company. His literary manner is usually agreeable, and his matter is interesting enough, but, except in one instance presently to be noticed, he derives that matter from quarries already worked by capable predecessors. The freshest of his material is that taken from Captain Edouard de Warren, the Frenchman who, after serving for nine years in the British forces in India, wrote on retirement a really remarkable volume of reminiscences and sympathetic criticism, 'L'Inde Anglaise.' Without sacrificing his independence of opinion, Warren developed into an enthusiastic admirer of many things British, and especially of the British officer in India. "The English," he wrote, "are nowhere less amiable than in England; it is under the military uniform or under a tropical sun that their best qualities show to the greatest advantage."

English writers of roughly the same period (on the cleverest of whom, Mrs. Maitland, Mr. Dewar draws) give pictures of social life rather less attractive, and indeed a good deal of pessimism and irritability distinguishes the casual and amateurish literature of Anglo-India during the Company's regime. Mr. Dewar, searching through it and through one of the most entertaining of works of reference, 'Hobson-Jobson,' that comprehensive dictionary of Anglo-Oriental phrases, has noted some words once in general use but now, as he thinks, obsolete. In regard to two at least of these we believe him to be in error. The amusingly magniloquent term, *burkandas*, literally, "darter of lightning," still applies in parts of Northern India to the temporary guards supposed to protect the camps of touring officials, and though the independent word, *chaker*, menial servant, may now be rare, the compound, *nauker-chaker*, still survives, if not in the sense of "upper and lower servants," at any rate in accordance with the odd Hindustani practice of adding a rhyming or vowel-echoing word to convey the idea, "and things, or people, of that sort."

But we must not enter into further discussion of details, and can only conclude with a word of praise for the illustrations of the book, reproductions of old prints and drawings, amongst which, however, we miss any indication of how the native artists, occasionally patronized by Europeans, saw the servants of the Company. Drawings of the kind by native artists exist, and have even been noticed by British critics, by Mr. Havell, for one.

Saturday Stories: XIII

FELICITY CHIMNEY

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

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TON PULLEN finished his story. The landlord collected the empty mugs, and wiped the counter with heavy, circular sweeps. He put the shovelflappenny board on the mantelpiece and packed the smoothed coins and the chalk into an old tobacco box. Geordy Grainger said, "I'll be getting home." He pulled his coat round his shoulders, and took his long, whittled stick from the corner. Nobody answered his "good night." Tom Pullen turned to the stranger. He said :

"Ah, that were a queer name, and a queer body that answered to it. Bean't I right, then, mister?"

The stranger was a frail, wintry man. He had come in through the door on a sudden swirl of rain and wind, and had brooded quietly in a corner of the tap-room with nothing but a half-pint to drink all the evening. His clothes had been neat and good, but they showed that he had been on the road lately, out in the weather and sleeping rough.

When he was spoken to, he moved uneasily, crossing his legs and rubbing his hands together.

"A queer name, it is true," he answered, raising his large, doggy eyes at Tom, "but I know of a queerer."

"Mebbe you can tell us about it," said Hayler, who was afraid that if the conversation dropped, the depressing night would send everyone to bed early.

"I will tell you a story if I may," replied the stranger. He ordered a pint and took a good taste of it before he began. He let his words fall deliberately.

"I do not suppose that you will like my story, but I have come a long way to tell it to you, and I hope you will listen now, for you will never hear it again. I came here because I learnt from the papers that you had a new rector called the Reverend Jonas Clam. I knew that you would talk about queer names, and would be as apt an audience for my story as I could find. That is why I came here."

He looked slowly round the room, gathering in the attention of his hearers.

"My name is John Pamflitt," he continued. "That is a good surname, but my parents were unimaginative. They might have had me christened Paul or Pontinus or, best of all, Praxiteles. It has been a great disappointment to me that they called me John. But I do not think that it is any remedy to change one's name. Do you not agree? A name must be as old as its bearer. Yes," he repeated, "a name must be as old as its bearer. I have always been interested in names, queer names and beautiful names and names that mean something. (Please do not think that I am going a long road about to the beginning of my story, because I am not.) I made a hobby of collecting names, as other men will collect books, or money, or the kisses of women, and I contrived whenever possible to make friends with their owners. I made a new capture at least once a year when I had my holiday, for I chose a new place every time, either by the name of the village, the inn, or the landlord. What is your name?" He turned suddenly on the landlord, who started up from his attitude of comfortable attention. He had been leaning with his bare, folded arms on the counter.

"They call me Bob Hawkins, sir," he said.

"Ah," murmured John Pamflitt. I wish the Reverend Jonas Clam had come here before. No doubt this is a pleasant village when it is fine, but I am not sure if I could have brought myself to stay at a 'George and Dragon.'

He looked round again at everybody and took a drink of his beer.

"Now," he said, "I will tell you about Miss

Felicity Chimney. I found her through an advertisement in my paper that I will read to you."

He took a thin leather wallet from his pocket and extracted a slip of yellow newspaper. But, although he adjusted his spectacles carefully, he repeated it without reading.

"To let, furnished, a small country cottage, 3 bed, 2 sitting rooms, kitchen. For three weeks August. Apply, Miss Felicity Chimney, Rose Cottage, Hanging Tree End." I will omit the county. You may imagine that I immediately wrote to her, for I could support Rose Cottage when I was to be rewarded with Miss Felicity Chimney and Hanging Tree End. I have her answer here, written in a neat, almost French hand, as you can see." He showed the letter, holding it up to the lamplight, and then he read it.

She had written that he was the most likely of the five applicants for her cottage to fulfil her requirements. She trusted that he had no dog, as she would wish to leave her cat in his charge. The cottage was, as he wished, bright and sunny, and there was a small garden which, she hoped, would afford him some amusement. She had some very pretty roses. She could arrange for a daily girl whom she knew well, and who was thoroughly trustworthy. She mentioned the rent and asked for references apologetically. She would wish to hand over the cottage in person on the 12th of August, if that would be convenient. In postscript, she said that she would mention John Pamflitt's name to the vicar.

"This was quite satisfactory to me," continued John Pamflitt, "and I made my arrangements. I looked forward anxiously to the meeting with my landlady. I imagined that she would be slight, about my age (I was only just on the grey side of forty then), very prim but very gentle, with a soft voice and delicate, mittened hands; that she would be pious and yet kind, and still beautiful. Her history, I felt, would have ended with a letter over which she would still cry sometimes without bitterness. That is how I pictured her. You will remember that her name was Miss Felicity Chimney. Do you understand? No, I see that you do not. I told you that I did not suppose that you would like my story; but you will listen to it, will you not? Well, I found Miss Felicity Chimney very much as I had expected her to be. I had never been so successful before in divining character from a name. I was pleased, for this was a proof of my belief that people grow up like their names. That is why I dislike commonplace names. (You may give me some more beer, Bob Hawkins.)

"I made a friend of Miss Felicity at our first meeting, and before she left she gave me a jar of her own preserve, which she took from the cupboard where her jams and pickles and chutneys were locked away, all very neatly arranged on clean, white paper. Every jar was marked in that neat hand that you have seen, with the name of the fruit, the date and the initials F.C. We pledged one another—although that is too strong a word—in a glass of her ginger wine, that also came from the cupboard, where it was afterwards replaced, and locked in. Miss Felicity Chimney drove off to the station in the village trap, and I settled down in the sitting room to study the copy book of instructions that she had given me. She had already shown me where everything was kept, but I found a complete account of the internal economy of her small house in the copy book. I was also supplied with the names of tradesmen in the neighbouring town, with whom I was recommended to deal for certain commodities, because they were cheaper or better for those than Belcher's, the village store. 'Although,' she wrote, 'you will

always find Belcher's both civil and obliging, and less inclined to profit by their position in our little community than might be feared.' I was very happy at Rose Cottage, and my pleasure was increased by the anticipation of a new meeting with Miss Felicity Chimney. When the time came, we met like discreet old friends, and she was delighted with the care that I had taken of her home. We took another glass of her ginger wine and I returned to London, carrying in my portmanteau another jar of her preserve."

John Pamflitt again collected his audience with his eyes.

"I am afraid you are not interested," he said. "Bob Hawkins, you may fill everybody's mug at my expense—or, wait a moment, can we have something hot? It will be wet and windy going home to-night—perhaps a punch to make good listeners?"

Bob left the bar to brew a milk punch, and while everyone was too expectant to be properly attentive, John Pamflitt hurried forward in his story.

"I broke my rule of change," he said. "I visited Hanging Tree End for the next three years, and Felicity and I grew more cordial towards one another at every meeting."

He stopped speaking when Bob came into the bar with a tin basin full of punch. The kettle had been ready on the hob in the kitchen and there was not much making in the punch, not enough to some people's way of thinking. Everyone took a mug up to the counter and filled it. Together they drank John Pamflitt's best respects.

"When I met her the fourth year," he continued, speaking faster than before, like the hurry of rain before a thunderclap, "I proposed marriage to her. I was not in love, and I knew that she was not, but we liked one another. We were both tired of loneliness. I had always longed to have children in whom I might complete the name of Pamflitt. Between us we had enough money to live comfortably, and I could tend the garden and she could make preserves, and we would have a son called Praxiteles and a daughter called Pamela. I pointed out these things to her when I proposed, but to my surprise she burst into tears and covered her flushed face with her hands. She said that it was quite, quite impossible. I begged for her reason, but she only answered, 'I am ashamed to explain. I will write to you.' She dabbed her eyes quickly, pulled down her veil and hurried out to the trap, that had that moment arrived.

"In three days I received her letter. I have it here, too. She said that she had made her money as an equestrienne with a circus. Until the age of thirty-five she had travelled about the country, and mixing with all that riff-raff she was not, I might imagine, absolutely uncontaminated. But her natural taste was for a quiet, ladylike life, and, as soon as she had saved enough money, she had retired to Rose Cottage. Her mother had belonged to the fair, but her father had been a gentleman, she did not know who. There had been no marriage, I was to understand.

"That letter was a shock to me. But I answered after a little consideration, that I was no prude or bigot, that the misfortune of her birth or life could make no difference to my feelings towards her because I saw her to be a gentle and virtuous woman now. I repeated my proposal."

The stranger sipped from his mug, looking round at everyone over the rim.

"I married her," he said, and putting down his punch, he clasped his frail hands together tightly on the table and beat with them nervously. He said, "There was one thing she had not told me about herself, the one thing that mattered to me most of all, but that she had either forgotten or regarded as unimportant. Her name was not Felicity Chimney." He sat back again. "No, she did not know her real name. She could only remember being known as the Female Dick Turpin. She had called herself Felicity Chimney when she had left the circus. She had

found the name on a gravestone. So Miss Felicity Chimney was dead, you see."

John Pamflitt was speaking slowly again. His words dragged. He paused, and a thin smile moved his lips but did not reach his eyes. Hayler laughed suddenly, as if he thought that he was expected to, and stopped as suddenly. But it relieved everyone, and there was a general drinking and clearing of throats and relighting of pipes. The stranger also cleared his throat, but he did not spit.

"Perhaps I attach too much importance to names," he continued, speaking more easily, "I do not know. But you will remember that it was her name that had brought us together. We had no children."

He stopped, and the wind could be heard outside smacking the window harder than ever with its wet hands. He finished his punch slowly and after a long silence, Tom asked, "And are you happy with 'er now, then?"

"Happy? Yes, I was happy, I suppose. Oh, yes, I was happy. She is dead now."

"Ah," said someone. "I'm sure I'm sorry to hear that. Is it long sin 'er were took?"

"Not long," answered John Pamflitt. "I buried her a week ago, and I have been walking ever since. I came here to tell you my story. I am afraid you have not understood it, have you?"

Nobody answered him, but Bob Hawkins, when he saw that the stranger was winding a long grey muffler round his neck, asked, "Won't you be staying the night with us, sir? It's rough outside."

"No, thank you," said John Pamflitt. "I must get on."

He had opened the door, and his voice was almost lost in the crying of the wind through the black trees.

"Good-night," he called. The door slammed to, setting all the glasses and bottles a-clatter.

"Us'll finish that punch," said old Tom, hobbling up to the counter with his mug.

Verse

THE CREATIVE SELF

WHERE is the ancient Demon now
Who shaped my soul from pain?
Tossed in Time's crises, like a bough
In whirl of wind and hissing rain,
I bend, grow brittle, break in twain.

Once he was polestar to plain eyes,
Pilot of simple seas,
In birth my breathing, growth my size,
Controlled my flesh and destinies
And built me from my own unease.

But when, gaunt nurse, chafing for change
He left me for a spell,
I pined: old Chaos forth did range;
We met, embraced; I vowed to dwell
Comradely in his sterile hell.

And now I'm bleached and desert-dry
What can my Demon do?
Forbid my three-days' corpse to die?
Or, like quicksilver, travel through
Lax veins, and leaping life renew?

I am so dusty grown, I crave
No fine fertility—
Dilating blooms above my grave.
Partial, sardonic such would be:
I need a new nativity.

O he to himself ten times doth treason
Who, when the foe would bind
His world fast in a fallow season,
Smother that ominous flame behind
The cynic substance of harsh mind.

BERTRAM HIGGINS

New Fiction

BY GERALD GOULD

The Stiff Lip. By W. L. George. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

The Law of the Male. Translated from the French of *Un Amour*. By Pernette Gille. Philpot. 6s. net.

"**W**HAT is it to grow old?" asked the poet. Mr. W. L. George has answered that question after his own fashion. He describes minutely the effect of advancing years on human skin and flesh; and the mental tragedy with which his book is concerned is the failure to hold, by physical charms, something that he calls love. Like all Mr. George's books, 'The Stiff Lip' is extremely readable, clever, interesting: unlike several of his recent books, it is more than that. There is in it a constructive idea. The plot is unexpected and exciting, if highly improbable. The incidentals are good. But there is something lacking.

It is a common defect of modern novelists to dwell too exclusively on the physical side of love. In our own country, this might be explained as a natural and not unhealthy reaction against the detestable sentimentality which used, in Victorian fiction, to represent falling in love as a decorous social act like leaving cards, or a pleasant romantic act like singing to a guitar among the roses. But if it can be argued that the accentuation of the physical is, in this country, a reaction from something else, in France, it might be retorted, they had nothing else to react from; yet there the present accent is the same. Actually, of the two novels before me, the French strikes a more idyllic note than the English. But they are both on the same theme, and they both treat it as a general and inevitable law. No doubt the translator is partly responsible for this effect in the French novel, for he—or she—has turned the original title, 'Un Amour,' which repudiates the claim to establish a universal, into 'The Law of the Male,' which makes that claim in its most provocative form. What a word is that "male"! By asserting that the female of the human species is more something-or-other than the male, one rouses controversial passions which could never be evoked by generalizations about men and women—and those are exasperating enough. 'The Law of the Male'—what a title! And yet one must admit that the text seems to clamour for it.

The problem is one, first, of generalization as such, and, secondly, of generalizations about the sexes. There are two ways of conceiving character as the subject-matter of fiction. You can conceive it as what it is—individual, concrete, unaccountable; and then, if you succeed in creating the illusion of reality, criticism has no more to ask. Or you can conceive it as belonging to sections, classes, types; only, in that case, you are assuming an almost universal validity which can be contradicted and confounded by a few irreconcilable instances. Thus, it is the dearest convention of the British stage that all curates are feeble-minded. In real life, as everybody knows, not all curates are feeble-minded. If we happen to know a feeble-minded curate called John Smith (all the characters in this apologue are imaginary, and no reference is intended to any living person), we think of him first as the individual John Smith, secondly as feeble-minded, and only thirdly and incidentally as a curate. But, in the theatre, we begin to giggle the moment he ambles on to the stage. A really creative dramatist would be able to give us a John Smith who should linger in our memories as John Smith—feeble-minded if you like: even, if you insist, a curate because feeble-minded: but never, never just feeble-minded because a curate. Nevertheless, whatever the art-for-art's-sake intellectuals may murmur among the Chelsea tea-cups, creation, dramatic creation, may be of the generalizing

kind. 'Gulliver's Travels,' one of the greatest books and most enthralling stories in the world, depends not on individualization but on general assertions about human nature. And the only limiting clause that needs to be inserted as to that is—that the assertions are about *human nature*, and not about men or women or curates.

Novelists persistently quote or devise or assume generalizations about the sexes. "Like all women, she had no sense of honour." "Being a woman, she had no sense of humour." "If only he had beaten her, she would have loved him." "Love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence." "He for God only, she for God in him." "For woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse." "Her womanly intuition." "His male intelligence." Well, my male intelligence tells me that, wherever there are physiological differences, there are certainly mental and emotional differences to correspond: but it needs no womanly intuition to observe that, whatever those differences between man and woman may be, they are far too subtle and variable to be caught and bottled in an epigram. One has only to say to oneself "matriarchy" or "exogamy," to remember that nothing varies more, according to time and place, than sexual conventions and proclivities.

The wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandhu, And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

Mr. George generalizes. His heroine says of men:

They're babies, all of them, babies of genius sometimes, but babies to the very end. They know all sorts of things we don't, facts, and dates, and how to find one's way in Bradshaw. But they don't understand what they're doing, quite. They live on the top, while we live inside. We don't have ideas, you know.

There is a refreshingly frank Orientalism about this:

She wondered what any woman would ask of Mephistopheles, and was quite sure that almost any woman would deal with him, the soul being after all a thing which for most of them had only a Sunday value.

How many years have passed since Meredith remarked that we had not rounded Cape Turk?

But Mr. George's main assumption, like "Pernette Gille's" (the name, we are told, is a *nom de guerre*), is that a woman, as she comes to middle age, cannot hope to keep a man faithful. The call of youth will be too strong for him: men must flirt and women must weep. The details differ a little in the two books. In 'The Law of the Male,' the man is married to the woman, and returns to her, for one reason or another, after each distracting episode: "one exclusive love is impossible for a man," but, all the same, "there is a world of special, and quite other, feelings between you and me." In 'The Stiff Lip,' the man is not married to the woman, and cannot be; she has a husband, though he has deserted her. Mr. George even hints that, had marriage been possible, the complications might not have arisen: the stability given by a shared household, and especially by children, might—if I understand him aright—have been proof against new passion, might have fulfilled the ideal of "Grow old along with me." He makes the young girl, whose freshness and novelty win the man away from the woman, come armed, not with freshness and novelty only, but with the capacity to give just that stability of home and children which from the other, the mature, woman he can never get. Also, Mr. George insists that age may be as great a tragedy for some kinds of men as for some kinds of women. Still, with all these reservations, his case is fundamentally the same as the French writer's. After sharing everything for eight years, the man is tired of the woman. He is accustomed to her, and she is getting old. "Pernette Gille" gives us reconciliation: Mr. George advances no solution, but only the necessity of summoning up courage to face the suffering that cannot be avoided. Both stories would grip one more if they were presented frankly as the experiences of individuals, and did not imply a claim to cover ground which they do no more than touch.

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Send to Mr. Fisher Unwin for a copy of his new Announcement List.

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Authors and Publishers

A MISCELLANY

I HAVE been reading lately Prof. Hulme's translation of *L'Italie Mystique* of Emile Gebhart (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d. net), with rather mixed feelings. I always feel that publishers should have a good book on the art of translation in the office, and insist on its being read by everyone who offers them a translation to publish. I cannot say that Prof. Hulme actually misrepresents his author, he simply gives a blurred representation of a book whose chief merit to-day is style. As a historian of the Franciscan movement Gebhart is altogether out of date, and a man who could quote an ordinance of Frederic II, issued at the age of eight, as an evidence of character, is clearly rather picturesque than trustworthy. But with these drawbacks the reader does get a general view of an important period in the history of Italy, full of colour and movement, and one view, though neither "the most sympathetic" nor "the truest study thus far made" of Francis of Assisi, in spite of the assertion on the wrapper. The notes are sometimes misleading, e.g., "Antony of Padua's works are to be found in Migne's *Patrologia Latina*. 6: 1206." They are not.

The Stationery Office have issued recently two reports which should be in the hands of everyone interested in book-production. The first is *A Note on the Legibility of Printed Matter*, and though I have been writing on the subject for many years, I must acknowledge I have learnt something from it. The Note considers two dozen features affecting the legibility of type, some of them in the mind of the reader, most of them in the character of the printing. The importance of the early training in which the brain is led from the recognition of single letters to words and finally to that of a line or more at once, might be illustrated by Bismarck's remark that he found roman type much harder to read than the old-fashioned German letter. Eye-strain is still an unsolved problem, depending on lighting, familiarity with the character, blackness of the letter, and the avoidance of pairs of letters liable to be misread.

Mr. Lègros, the author of the Note, gives some dates for the introduction of typographical improvements for the sake of legibility. I gave some years ago the exact date when u and v, i and j, were first correctly used by the King's Printers. It was August, 1637. The 's was first introduced in March, 1649. The long f, Mr. Lègros says, was first used in 1787; he does not give the date of adoption by the King's Printers. The Irish printing houses followed English rules very quickly, the u and v being distinguished in December, 1637, and the i and j in 1640. The Scottish printers retained old methods till the time of Foulis.

The *Report of the Committee . . . for Government Printing* shows that good printing is quite consistent with economy. It gives a number of recommendations founded on the typographical reforms of the last forty years, and a series of examples of modern types. I recommend readers to turn to these pages of specimens and carefully observe how a type which is almost illegible in a small size is quite good in a larger one. I don't know that I approve of the design for the Royal Arms put forward by the Committee. Some years ago I reproduced 250 woodcuts of the arms used by the King's Printers since the introduction of printing, and some of them are quite worth study. On the other hand the specimens showing the position of the letter-press on the double pages are of the greatest value. I hear the reports are both sold out but are to be reprinted.

The late Mr. James Elroy Flecker, whose *Collected Prose* has just been published by Messrs. Heinemann, was a poet of no little distinction, whose work is likely to be remembered when that of many of his contemporaries is forgotten, belonging as it did to the main stream of English poetry and refusing to be deflected by passing fashions in verse. It would have been better if Mr. Douglas Goldring, who has written a book about him (Chapman & Hall: 7s. 6d. net), had left Mr. Flecker's memory in charge of his genius. His biographical and critical sketch is not only in places a little silly, but from time to time recalls quite unnecessarily a streak of nastiness which would have been better not preserved.

I suppose that the object of *War and Armament Loans of Japan* (Milford, Oxford University Press), which is published under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, is to show that war has not paid Japan. The book gives the history and amounts of the various financial operations, internal and external, which have brought the National Debt of Japan to about 270 millions sterling, by far the greater part of which was incurred for military and naval purposes. The author's figures are not in dispute, nor is there any doubt of the heavy burden of taxation carried by the Japanese people. His point of view is that war has been a bad thing for Japan. But I fancy that the great bulk of the Japanese people, who are intensely patriotic, confidently believe in the wonderful future for their country, when they consider the very great place it has already won, chiefly by force of arms.

I have several times commented on this page upon the activities of American bibliographers. There has now been published, by Messrs. E. H. Wells and Co., of New York, a *Bibliography of the Restoration Dramatist John Crowne*, compiled by Mr. G. P. Winship, Librarian of the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard. Crowne, presumably, owes this distinction not primarily to his literary qualities, since far greater contemporaries of his (Dryden, for instance) have not yet been so honoured, but to the fact that he was from 1657 to 1660 a student at Harvard, his parents having emigrated to America during the Protectorate. Though Crowne returned to England shortly after the Restoration, and did not, so far as is known, do any writing in America, he yet remains the first Harvard student to have earned his living as a man of letters. And therefore, though we may not all of us feel called upon to read *Sir Courtly Nice* at frequent intervals, it is easy to sympathize with the piety that has made a Harvard scholar of to-day devote to Crowne the limited edition (there are a hundred copies at five dollars each) which has been so charmingly printed for the publishers by the Harvard University Press.

Readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Grant Richards is going to publish, early in October, a new volume of verse by Mr. A. E. Housman, entitled *Last Poems*. This week Messrs. Heinemann have published a translation of *Tyl Ulenspiegel* in two volumes—a work which has long been wanted, as a complete translation has never yet been done in this country. It has been undertaken by Mr. F. M. Atkinson. Messrs. Heinemann are also publishing a new novel—a mystery story—by Mr. Valentine Goldie. Mr. Sinclair Lewis, who has lately been in the public eye as a critic of English literary circles rather than as a novelist, is publishing a new novel with Mr. Jonathan Cape, called *Babbitt*. Mr. Lewis's *Main Street* did not have in this country anything like the popularity it achieved in the United States; but as, in Mr. H. L. Mencken's opinion, *Babbitt* is "the best book that has come out of America for some years," I hope that it may be widely read in England.

LIBRARIAN

Competitions

(All solutions sent in must be accompanied by the Competitions Coupon, which will be found among the advertisements.)

PUBLISHERS' PRIZES

PRIZES are given every week for the first correct solution opened of the current Acrostic and Chess Problems. Envelopes are opened at haphazard when the Competition is closed, so that all solvers have an equal chance. The prizes consist of a book (to be selected by the solver) reviewed in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set. The published price must not exceed one guinea, and it must be a book issued by one of the Houses named below.

Envelopes containing solutions must be marked "Competition" and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor or Chess Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2. Any competitor not so marking his envelope will be disqualified. The Competitions Coupon for the week must be enclosed. The name of the winner and of the book selected will be published the following week or the week after that.

The following is the list of publishers whose books may be selected:—

Allen & Unwin	Harrap	Mills & Boon
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Murray
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Nash & Grayson
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodder & Stoughton	Odham's Press
Chapman & Hall	Hodge	Putnam's
Collins	Jarrold	Routledge
Dent	John Lane, The Bodley Head	Sampson Low
Fisher Unwin	Macmillan	Selwyn & Blount
Foulis	Melrose	S.P.C.K.
Grant Richards	Methuen	Stanley Paul
Gyllyndal		Ward, Lock
		Werner Laurie

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication, in the case of Acrostics, and the Tuesday following publication in the case of Chess.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS. IV.

Below we announce the subjects for the fourth Competition.

1. *Prose.* A prize of three guineas is offered for the best essay on "Aspidistras." The aphorism and epigram will be welcomed, but the essay must not exceed 600 words.
2. *Verse.* A prize of three guineas is offered for the best "Colloquy Among the Stars." The colloquy must be in rhymed or unrhymed verse.

The following conditions are to be observed:—

1. All entries must arrive at the SATURDAY REVIEW Office not later than the first post on Monday, Sept. 25, and the successful entries will be published the following week.
2. The names and addresses of competitors should be clearly stated. Entries will be referred to by the signature below the MS. proper.
3. The Editor will be the sole judge, and can enter into no correspondence with regard to these competitions. He reserves the right to publish any of the MSS. submitted, none of which can be returned. Any unsuccessful MS. published will be paid for.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 29.

BRAVE THOUGH THEIR EFFORTS WERE, THE CRAGSMEN FAILED;
EARTH'S LOFTIEST MOUNTAIN-PEAK IS STILL UNSCALED.

STRAIN EVERY NERVE—BY THEIR EXAMPLE FIRED—

AND SOON YOU'LL SPOT THE LITTLE WORDS REQUIRED.

1. Some see all joys in this, and I see one.
2. Nymph Echo answers: list to her, my son!
3. Nay, yet again her utterance gives the clue.
4. Behead an antelope—an outrage new.
5. Herbs* to the place may guide you—by their sound.
6. 'Tis what this light by some folks may be found.
7. Alive I was not, yet I was alive.
8. Now choose, to suit yourself, two out of five.
9. A platform much like that where sits the "beak."
10. Just half a symbol yields us what we seek.
11. The treasures it unlocked struck Ali dumb.
12. A ligament,—but off, sir, on must come.

*If, as is permissible, you drop the h.

ACROSTIC No. 27.—The first correct solution opened (No. 33) came from Dr. Robbs, Grantham, who has selected as his prize 'Robert Gregorv,' by John Owen, published by Hodder & Stoughton, and reviewed in our columns on September 9 under the heading of 'New Fiction.'

Correct solutions were also received from Dolomite, Bray, Lady Duke, Baithc, Gay, Chump, Rev. P. Lewis, Lilian, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Carlton, C. E. Jones, Feathers, Stucco, and Trike. One light wrong:—Trelaw, John Lennie, Rachael, Lethendy, Gunton, R. F. Armitage, Lenno, C. Lister Kaye, Dr. Pearse, R. Lewis, Old Mancunian, Miss S. Groves, Elisabeth, and C. J. Warden. Two lights wrong:—Madge, Annis, Sol, Tiny Tim, Esiroc, III, Monks Hill, Nuta, Miss C. M. Joshua, Miss M. Owen, Mrs. R. Wood, Dr. Tinkler, and A. Ebdon. All others more.

XONNAS.—Sorry we have not space for your ingenious, though perverse, solution, and amusing notes. Another solver gave "Rattlesnake" for Light 9, but omitted your learned explanation: "A carnivorous rodent found in Savoy: in its search for tamanders—of which it is inordinately fond—it excavates deep mines alongside the forest-paths; there are frequent fatalities owing to travellers falling down the shafts."

TRELAW.—Our rule is exactly what you suggest it ought to be: when lights consist of only two letters, solvers must supply the missing letters, if any.

C. A. S.—The inverted commas indicated that the sentence was spoken by someone else. Quips and puns help to make acrostics amusing, and may therefore be looked for. Furthermore, a rumour may turn out to be quite true.

OLD MANCUNIAN.—Though in the phrase you quote *rien* means "anything," surely its *general* meaning is "nothing."

BAITHC.—Will look the matter up after my holidays. Error is "common to every child of man." (No. 23, Lt. 17.)

III.—To admit alternatives seems unfair to solvers who choose the *correct* word, and could doubtless give very cogent reasons for doing so. As previously explained, if the answer to any light is thought to be as good as the author's, it is accepted. See Note to Light 9 of No. 22 (August 19). As regards "peril," see Note to Light 13 of No. 23 (August 26).—Light 13, No. 24. Sandunes are "links," and the pun (lynx-eyes) was intended to point to the answer.—Light 1, No. 23. See the two notes in our issue of August 26.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 26.

FRINEDS TO THEIR NATIVE ISLE, IF ALBION'S FOES,
THEIR WARFARE O'ER, IN DEATH THEY NOW REPOSE;
AH, HAPLESS ERIN! SHALL INTESTINE STRIFE
COST EVERY ABLEST SON OF THINE HIS LIFE?

1. Her snaky locks struck terror into all.
2. This adverb marks a peremptory call.
3. The old-time sailor saw its warning gleam.
4. Of mind and body, heaven's best gift we deem.
5. To King of ours a Queen that province gave.
6. But I, my trust betrayed, became a Knave.
7. Agility is all the game requires.
8. Sea-trips he made exciting for our sires.
9. In darkest Africa this beast they found.
10. The frosts of autumn bring me to the ground.
11. Take half a moiety and work with that.
12. A band of Zulu warriors comes in pat.
13. The procreant cradle of our friend the bird.
14. Fatal to them of Ephraim was this word.

Solution to Acrostic No. 26.

M	edus	A
I	nstante	R
C	resse	T
H	ealt	H
A	njo	U
E	mbezzle	R
L	eap-fro	G
C	orsai	R
O	kap	I
L	ea	F
hal		F
I	mp	I
N	es	T
S	hibbolet	H

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 27.

1. A boon to miners in their murky pits.
2. You've found me? Then this exclamation fits!
3. Oft to the fountain borne, it breaks at length.
4. In this bold knights displayed their skill and strength.
5. Could write a racy book about the earth.
6. A Spanish coin of very trifling worth.
7. Such is this rhymster and his readers all.
8. Upon our world she drops her sable pall.
9. Its shafts are mortal, so the French declare.
10. Explore the Zodiac—you will find me there.
11. Two daughters hath she, and "Give, give!" they cry.
12. Quite vain to seek it underneath the sky.
13. A medley, oft of sense and wit devoid.
14. In going to and fro his time's employed.
15. The heart of Ireland is what now you need.
16. He set the sufferer on his humble steed.
17. Shot is the bolt—I heard the bow-string's sound.

AS YEAR BY YEAR THE WISHED-FOR DAY COMES ROUND,
WITH GUN AND DOG THE SPORTSMAN TAKES THE FIELD,
AND SOON THE COVEYS TO HIS PROWESS YIELD.

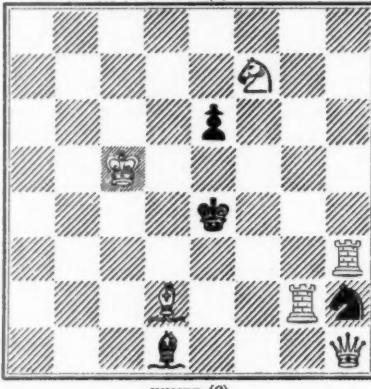
Solution to Acrostic No. 27.

S	afety-lam	P
E	urek	A
P	itche	R
T	ournamen	T
E	thnographe	R ¹
M	araved	I ¹
B	ipe	One who writes of the <i>races</i> of mankind must necessarily write a "racy" book.
E	venin	G ² <i>Le Ridicule tue</i> is a well-known French proverb.
R	idicul	E ³
T	auru	S ³ "Twins" will not do: a noun in the singular is required.
H	orse-leec	H ⁴
E	Dorad	O ⁴ Prov. xxx. 15.
F	arrag	O
I	tineran	T
ER	In	ER
S	amarita	N
T	wan	G

CHESS
PROBLEM No. 46.

By S. LOYD.

BLACK (4)



WHITE (6)

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him by the first post on Sept. 26.

PROBLEM No. 45.

Solution.

WHITE:

(1) B-Q4

(2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK:

Any move.

PROBLEM NO. 45.—The first correct solution opened was from Mr. A. W. Yallop, who has selected as his prize 'The Sporting Life,' by Robert Lynd, published by Grant Richards and reviewed in our columns last week under the title 'Mr. Lynd in Shirt Sleeves.'

PROBLEM NO. 44.—Correct from Tyro, A. S. Brown, E. F. Emmet, Spencer Cox, S. W. Sutton, G. C. Hughes, Eric L. Pritchard, M. T. Howells, Christopher Morcom, A. W. Yallop and a correspondent from Morthoe who has omitted signature.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. R. BURGESS AND OTHERS.—In No. 44, Q-B5 is met by R x Q, Q-Kt2 by K x R and all the proposed moves of the Kt by the check of the Black Rook.

C. T. CHEVALLIER.—Correct with No. 43. You must not send to the Acrostic Editor solutions intended for us, nor vice versa.

WILFRID STEER (Calcutta).—Long since you will have noted the error in No. 36.

M. MONKHOUSE.—Your solution of No. 43 was wrong. Any elementary book will explain to you the usual ways of recording chess moves.

The Hungarian master Geza Maroczy intends to reside in Hastings after next December, and his presence may be expected to raise the local standard of chess skill, which is already high throughout the south-east of England.

AUCTION BRIDGE

AN important point, and one on which there exists much difference of opinion, is this: Supposing *A* calls one of a minor suit, and is overcalled in a major suit by his adversary *Y*; the score is love-all, and *B*, *A*'s partner, sees possibilities of going game in no-trumps, what actual strength in the adversaries' suit is necessary for *B*'s hand to possess in order to bring off a successful no-trump? Many good players will declare a no-trump in these circumstances with only a single guard, or sometimes no guard at all; needless to say, this is asking for trouble. Personally I think one should never call a no-trump over a major suit call without a double guard, or a "long" guard (four or five cards of the declared suit headed by an honour)—if possible it is always better to support one's partner's suit; the prejudice against calls in the minor suits which exists amongst so many dashing players should be overcome.

An interesting hand illustrating the above-mentioned points

occurred at a Club recently. The score was love-all, *B* dealt and called two hearts. The hands were as follows:—

							B (dealer)
♦	6.						
♥	A., Qn., J., 9, 8, 5, 2.						
♦	Qn., 10, 8.						
♣	A., 4.						
		Y					
♦	8, 4, 2.						
♦	4, 3.						
♦	A., 5, 4.						
♦	K., Qn., J., 9, 8.						
		A					
♦	K., Qn., J., 10, 9, 7, 5, 3.						
♦	7.						
♦	J., 9, 7, 6.						
♦	Nil.						

The calling was: *B* two hearts. *Z* no. *A* two spades. *Y* no. *B* three hearts. *Z* four clubs. *A* three spades. *Y* five clubs. *B* double. *Z* four no-trumps. *A* and *Y* no. *B* double. Left in at four no-trumps doubled. *B* was one trick down, and the first seven tricks were as follows:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
A	Sp. 10	Sp. 3	Sp. 5	D. 6	H. 7	D. 7
Y	Sp. 2	Cl. K.	Cl. Qn.	D. A.	H. 4	D. 4
B	Sp. 6	Cl. 4	Cl. A.	D. Qn.	H. A.	D. 10
Z	Sp. A.	Cl. 2	Cl. 3	D. 3	H. 6	D. 2

Y and *Z* then make D. K. and four clubs or nine tricks in all, thereby losing their contract by one trick.NOTES.—Trick 1: The lead of a heart from *A*'s hand would be better, as *A* has really no entry-card except the very dubious D. J.Trick 4: "Why on earth didn't you try and clear your hearts?" complained *A* to *B* afterwards. "What is the use in leading up to an obvious winner in dummy?" To which *B* replied, not without justice: "Your two spade call suggested at least one outside card in your hand. Why should you not have the D. K.?"The calling, however, was much discussed by all the players, and the question arose: Should *Z* have called three clubs at once over *B*'s two hearts? *A* might have then hesitated to call three spades straight away. Or should *Z* have called two no-trumps at once? Personally I should have gone to four spades in *A*'s hand, or *B* should have given him the fourth spade instead of doubling. This revives the old question: Why do so many players believe that trumps are more valuable as a support to the declarer than good outside cards? I would state emphatically, They Are Not.

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

Adventures in Common Sense. By E. W. Howe. Melrose: 5s. **Collected Prose.** By James Elroy Flecker. Heinemann: 6s. **Madrid.** By Mrs. Stewart Erskine. Bodley Head: 7s. 6d. net. **Plato.** By A. E. Taylor. Constable: 2s. net. **The Chinese Fairy Book.** By Dr. R. Withers. Fisher Unwin: 7s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Albert Ballin. By Bernhard Huldermann. Cassell: 12s. **Bygone Days in India.** By Douglas Dewar. Bodley Head: 18s. net. **History of Art: Mediaeval Art.** By Elie Faure. Bodley Head: 25s. net. **History of the Great War, A.** By John Buchan. Vol. IV. Nelson: 25s. net. **Young Boswell.** By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Putnam: 15s. net.

REPRINTS

Humphrey Bold. Kobo. Settlers and Scouts. The Adventures of Dick Trevanion. The Adventures of Harry Rochester. Tom Burnaby. By Herbert Strang. Milford. Oxford University Press: 5s. net each. **Love's Legend.** By H. Fielding Hall. Constable: 7s. 6d. net. **The Amazing Marriage.** By George Meredith. Constable: 5s. net.

TRAVEL

Adventures in Bolivia. By C. N. Prodgers. Bodley Head: 12s. 6d. net. **British North Borneo.** By Owen Rutter. Constable: 21s. net. **Cannibal Land.** By Martin Johnson. Constable: 12s. 6d. net. **The Heart of Arabia.** By H. St. J. B. Philby. 2 vols. Constable: 63s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA

A Kipling Anthology. Methuen: 6s. net. **As You Like It.** Christopher: 2s. net. **Collected Poems.** By Conan Doyle. John Murray: 7s. 6d. net. **Hassan.** A Play. By James Elroy Flecker. Heinemann: 6s. net. **Passions.** By Russell Green. Holden and Hardingham: 2s. 6d. net.

FICTION

A Starting Price. By Nat Gould. John Long: 2s. net. **Flower of Asia.** By Gilbert Collins. Duckworth: 7s. 6d. net. **Peregrine's Progress.** By Jeffery Farnol. Sampson Low: 7s. 6d. net.

The World of Money

CONTENTS

The Business Outlook	455
Shipping : A Chequered Prospect	456
Overseas News	457
New Issue	458
Stock Market Letter	458
Money and Exchange	460
Dividends	460
Publications Received	460
Figures and Prices	462

All communications respecting this department should be addressed to The City Editor, the SATURDAY REVIEW, 10, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.2. Telephone: London Wall 5485.

The Business Outlook

The Reparations Settlement

The settlement of the difficulty between Belgium and Germany has apparently proceeded upon the lines which were generally anticipated, although it was not known whether Germany would furnish a British, Dutch or American bank guarantee. As a result of an arrangement between the Reichsbank and the Bank of England, the former is willing to guarantee the 270,000,000 gold marks due to Belgium by the end of 1922. The details of this arrangement have not been made public; perhaps they do not greatly matter. Certainly, if the German Treasury Bills are backed by the guarantee of the Reichsbank, Belgium should be in a position to discount them, and it was the inability to use the Bills as collateral which led to last week's crisis. The Belgian Government has expressed itself as satisfied, and thus the latest of reparation hitches has been at least temporarily removed. It is idle to speculate how long a period will elapse before a fresh one occurs, but all the time the psychological hindrances to reasonable settlements are diminishing. Meanwhile the present arrangement helped the City to recover from its early depression. Marks at one time touched 5,900 against the closing quotation last week of 6,600.

The British Association

A correspondent writes: "Much interest has been aroused in the final Report of the British Association Committee on the Effects of the War on Credit, Currency and Finance, which was presented to the Economic Section on the last day of the Hull meeting. It is curious that two papers differing so completely as the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Herald* should have taken the same sentence from the report as the text of their comment, 'Questions which ought to have been considered and decided in accordance with common sense and economic law have been confused by electioneering and political exigencies,' though they managed to preach sermons on it which were diametrically opposed, the *Morning Post* arguing that the Treaty of Versailles should be carried out while the *Herald* repeats its contention that the terms of the Treaty are impossible. The Committee thinks that if German indemnities were reduced to a level at which they were generally recognized as within her capacity to pay, her bonds might be saleable abroad and capital might be available for France and Germany to balance their Budgets. Sir Drummond Fraser considers that Germany is able to pay her full reparations 'if a genuine business proposition were placed before her drafted by business men and not by politicians plus academicians.' These last two words reflect unkindly on Sir Drummond's colleagues, for exactly half of them are lecturers on economics at our Universities."

Germany's Competitive Power

"Employers and workmen in some of our chief trades such as coal, iron, and shipbuilding, do not need to be reminded of the injury done to them by German competition under the stress of reparation payments. Many Trade Unionists will agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw's reply to the Committee's questions, 'The plunder of the Germans is a mistake from every point of view. The only possible effect on the victors is to pauperize them. The Germans cannot pay in gold; and in whatever other commodity they pay the trade in that commodity will be destroyed in the country of the plunderers.' However, the Committee does not think it certain that Germany's competitive power as an exporting country would be lessened if her liabilities on account of reparations and indemnities were cancelled or reduced; it adds that the stimulus to exports given by a depreciating mark is not a healthy or a lasting one, because it is gained at the expense of some portion of the community."

The Safeguarding of Industries Act

The Vigilance Committee of Fancy Goods and China and Glass Sections of the London Chamber of Commerce is investigating complaints which have been made as to a fresh crop of difficulties in connexion with the recent Orders made by the Board of Trade under the Safeguarding of Industries Act, especially in connexion with the Order imposing a duty on domestic hollow-ware and glassware. Ordinary vacuum flasks are not dutiable under the Act, but it is found that many of them contain a small hollow aluminium cup, and as this is domestic hollow-ware, the flasks are being detained for payment of a duty of one penny on each. The idea was that immense quantities of enamelled hollow-ware were coming in from Germany. It is now found that German imports are very small, but that the goods are imported from Silesia (which has now become part of Poland) so that the Safeguarding of Industries Act has missed fire! The domestic glassware Order has given rise to many difficulties. Oil lamp chimneys are supposed to be exempt. In fact, however, consignments have been held up for periods of many days. Hurricane oil lamps are not being given the benefit of the exemption. The Customs claim that the glassware they contain comes under the heading of "globes."

Certificates of Origin

While the Orders are only supposed to affect German goods, British importers are required now to produce certificates of origin for goods that come from any part of Europe. British Consulates abroad charge 12s. 6d. for each certificate. Certificates of origin for British goods exported from London only cost 2s. 6d. each, and there is very great indignation amongst merchants at what is considered to be an exorbitant charge made by the Consulates abroad. This matter is being taken up by certain sections of the Chamber of Commerce and by other organizations.

The National Accounts

For the week ended September 16 revenue exceeded expenditure by £5 millions; Treasury Bills brought in nearly £2 millions, and Savings Certificates another £1 million. Bank of England Advances were repaid and Departmental Advances reduced by £3 millions. Revenue is coming in slowly, the receipts of £12½ millions for the past week compare with £20 millions for the corresponding week of last year. On the other hand expenditure in the period has fallen from £12 millions to £6½ millions.

Employment

At the end of August the number of workers on the "live" registers of the Labour Exchange was 1,378,000. This figure is not truly indicative of the total unemployed; it does not include workers whose benefits have lapsed, the unfortunate who are not eligible, the sufferers of disqualification, the proud who will have nothing to do with an Exchange until starving, and the numerous men and women who, out of a regular job, scrape a living together by desperate expedients. Still, the "live" figure is bad enough. By comparing the present number of unemployed with those of a year ago, the Minister of Labour is able to find cause for self-congratulation: in fact, he can point to a steady decline since the maximum attained during the coal dispute. But this improvement can hardly be rightly credited to the Government, as the number of full-time unemployed at the end of December, 1920, was 757,000 and a year and eight months later the total is 621,000 greater. The decreased unemployment experienced within the last twelve months is probably the result of recovery from the coal dispute and a general process of industrial readjustment which has taken place. The poison of an ill-devised political and economic policy has far from spent its power.

SHIPPING: A CHEQUERED PROSPECT

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

THE War, based as it was throughout on sea communications, led directly to an immense demand for the services of British shipping. The demand continued for nearly two years after hostilities ceased, but by the expiration of that time the losses in aggregate tonnage—though not in quality of tonnage—had been more than made up, and the trade slump which set in reduced the weight of cargo being carried to about three-quarters of the volume in 1913. These two factors working together—the reduced volume of trade and the surplus of available tonnage—have yielded the present situation, one which for both the shipping and shipbuilding trades is of almost unrelieved gloom. Nothing except a real recovery in the world's overseas trade can bring about that demand for the services of our shipping which will right the situation and restore prosperity. There is more tonnage of a sort in the world—though much of it is exceedingly bad—than the world knows what to do with.

Figures by themselves are always deceptive. In 1913, when the trade of the world was in volume about one-third more than it is at present, the shipping requirements were met by some 42 million gross tons; now there are some 15 million gross tons afloat or lying up more than there were in 1913. Thus crudely put the superfluity of tonnage would appear to make recovery almost hopeless, and would justify the American view that the best thing to do with ten million tons of their war-built inefficient shipping would be to tow it into deep water and send it to the bottom. But the figures are not quite so bad as they seem. Though the volume of cargo carried is less than it was before the war, it is being carried for longer distances. Trade is stretching away from the paralysed European markets towards the wide ocean spaces. The number of ton miles of cargo carriage does not show anything like the decline that the weight of cargo shows. If it did there would be much more of tonnage lying idle than is actually the case. And then the increase of 15 million gross tons in shipping implies less than it would seem on the surface. A great block of this tonnage, perhaps as much as ten thousand tons—most of it American, built in a hurry for war purposes—was inefficient to begin with and must become increasingly inefficient. About half the fabricated American ships will never, it is thought, be able to compete in the world's freight markets. Some three million tons, too, represents tank steamers built to replace tankers sunk during the war and essential for the special purpose

of carrying oil. What is even more important—from the point of view of a sadly depressed shipbuilding industry—is the fact that a fifth of the world's deep sea tonnage is over twenty-five years of age. While many cargo carriers remain in efficient service for more than a quarter of a century there is no doubt that the war demand, and the demand which followed the Armistice, kept upon the Register large blocks of vessels which never can be employed economically at anything like normal freights. As soon as a trade recovery leads to a demand for scrap metal millions of tons of old ships will pass into the hands of the ship breakers. The scrapping of obsolete warships under the Washington Agreement is a disturbance of which the effect will speedily wear off.

So, although the prospect is dour it is not so unrelied as the mere figures would suggest. For the moment, however, the effect upon the shipbuilding industry is disastrous. We may, taking a long view, predict that when trade really recovers there will be a wholesale scrapping of inefficient tonnage and a wholesale replacement which will bring activity to our yards, but that happy day has not dawned and is not likely to dawn for some time to come. Many changes must take place before it can dawn. The new tonnage completed and launched during the first six months of this year was about half a million gross, and the new work begun—most of it special in character—was no more than 90,000 tons. Before the war the amount of tonnage under construction at any moment ranged around two million tons. At present the cost of construction of ordinary cargo carriers is still in excess of the economic value of the steamers when completed, though the gap is less wide than it was. A year ago a cargo carrier cost to build almost twice what it would be worth when built, and to-day, leaving profit out of account, the cost of building is still more than the value of the product. Under these circumstances it is obvious that few orders can be placed for ordinary cargo and passenger vessels; special types of vessels for special work are being built but that is all. We are in the coils of an economic entanglement. By the end of this year it is expected that some four-fifths of the shipbuilders of the country will be unemployed because ships cost more to build than they were worth when built, and because such ships as we have in commission do not pay to run at present costs of working and freight earnings. The economic basis is lacking upon which either the shipping or shipbuilding industries can be reconstructed. All that we can say is that the situation is not quite so bad as it looks, and is much less bad than it was a year ago.

There are two possible paths out of the entanglement. The cost of construction and the intrinsic value of tonnage when built must come into alignment. Either the cost of material and labour must fall to the point which will enable shipbuilders to produce tonnage at a price which shipowners can economically pay, or trade must improve to such an extent that more expensively built tonnage can be profitably employed. As soon as the world's carrying trade expands to the extent of permitting the employment of new cargo ships then the old inefficient ones, with which the Register is glutted, will go to the scrap heap, a destination which for millions of tons of them is already overdue. In the general scrap which will then be seen, the Americans will be the heaviest sufferers. Much of their expansion on paper was war emergency construction for which peace has no employment. That is the material tragedy of war. All the products of its immense patriotic activity are sheer waste as soon as war ends.

The sufferings of British shipping and shipbuilding are, we can hope, in the main temporary. In so far as they are brought about by reduced sea carriage, the effect of trade depression, and the insufficient decline in the costs of material and labour, they must be temporary. But there is one direction, a most serious one, in which a reduced demand for British tonnage may

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become permanent. That is through the lamentable disease of nationalism which the fervours of war have left behind them. For awhile at least nations have become infected by the false doctrine that they benefit themselves by beggaring their neighbours. In addition to building up solid tariff walls—compared with which the pre-war tariff barriers were no more than light trellis work—a great many nations are trying to create mercantile marines by differential legislation against British ships. The United States have so severely burned their fingers that they are, perhaps, less keen than they were, but they are continuing their efforts to keep, in so far as may be possible, the emigrant traffic between Europe and America in their own hands. Italy is trying to do the same in so far as emigrant traffic, once the backbone of the British North Atlantic trade, is threatened in this way by both the United States and Italy, and has been in volume greatly reduced by the American Three per cent. Immigration Act. During this year the number of emigrants carried from Europe to America will be one-quarter of the number carried before the war. And of this quarter which remains the United States propose to keep half for their own ships. The subsidizing of national shipping by treating coastal services as a monopoly of national tonnage is a disease which is proving horribly infectious. South America is beginning to catch it from the North, and quite recently Chile has closed her coasting trade to all foreign ships and compelled the Pacific Steam Navigation Company—which built up the trade—to suspend operations at Chilean ports. This "nationalism" is a threat to British shipping which a revival in trade will not remedy, and may indeed lead in this country to a demand for "reprisals," a demand natural enough though inevitably leading not to cure of the disease but to its wide extension.

Overseas News

Austria. Concerns liable to profits tax have had this week to pay the first instalment of the amount due for the compulsory loan. *Neue Freie Presse* states that traders are having difficulty in getting the necessary currency in spite of the recent inflation amounting to 1½ billion kronen. Business at the Vienna Autumn Fair has been restricted by the prohibition of imports and the customs duties that are a serious hindrance to trade with Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia. Nevertheless, business was reported as fairly good in most branches. The Finance Minister informed Parliament that the Government had intended to open the new bank of issue this month at the latest, but difficulties had been raised by two foreign banks that had taken part in the preliminary proceedings. London and Paris had wished to postpone the opening until the London Conference had discussed the granting of credit or until a guarantee had been given for the desired credit of £15,000,000, but the Government had insisted that the banks should either continue to cooperate or should publicly declare against the proposal. From the first, the bank had been protected from claims by the State and the new proposals provide that a unanimous decision of the General Council is required for the issue of notes without full cover in gold or effects. He desired that the bank should hold abroad as much money in gold or effects as the amount of the paid-up capital and that a unanimous decision of the General Council should be necessary to withdraw any of it. Besides its

capital, the bank can expect to have the amounts advanced by France and Italy and also the proceeds due to it from the winding up of the Hungarian-Austrian Bank—a total estimated at about 60 million Swiss francs. The gold and bills that the bank will have when it starts business will allow a note issue of five billion kronen.

Italy. The financial news in Italian newspapers is chiefly about proposed economies in all directions to enable the Government to make ends meet. Whilst State departments are preparing to reduce staffs, the Government is being pressed on all sides to give financial assistance to trading and industrial concerns. *Corriere Della Sera* states that every time the Government meet, the newspapers record that a large part of the discussions is devoted to matters that do not concern the State, e.g., subsidies to private dockyards, guaranteed loans to sulphur-mining companies, facilities for transport in favour of the lignite industry, etc. For electoral reasons and under the mask of dealing with unemployment, deputies are clamouring for financial assistance to speculators, and these requests are usually backed by threats that factories will be closed. The only result of these subsidies is to prolong the crisis and hinder the reduction of the cost of production. This state of affairs is confirmed by the attitude of *Il Secolo*, which reports a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce at Genoa, at which it was decided to urge the Government to render monetary assistance to the port, on national grounds, as such assistance has been given to industrial and other companies elsewhere.

Germany. *Muenchner Neueste Nachrichten* states with regard to the Stinnes-de Lubersac agreement that an agreement has been made in Wuerttemberg between a South German group and a French group. The prospective business is very important for South Germany, although not on a very large scale at present. The Gallieni group has been authorized to receive orders from the French devastated districts and to transmit them to German firms, and the Wuerttembergische Rohstoff G.m.b.h. has undertaken to act as intermediary for the delivery of goods to the value of 200 million francs. Deliveries will be liable to customs duties in France at the lowest rate and will be paid for in "Reparations in kind" cheques, the amounts being credited to the German Government. The visit of the president of the Reichsbank to London has apparently been successful, and it is reported that the Bank of England will guarantee payment of the Bonds due to Belgium next year, the Reichsbank undertaking to repay the 270 millions of gold marks in question within 18 months. The matter has been discussed widely in Germany and *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* devoted a column to a consideration of the German gold deposited in the Bank of England on the strength of assurances from both the British Government and the Bank of England, that it should be returnable when required. It pointed out that the effect of sequestration of the deposit would be to reduce the already small gold basis of German currency, and that, although the Reichsbank is an autonomous institution and may dispose as it likes of its own property, it ought not to be forgotten that, during the negotiations with Belgium, the German Government and the President of the bank were agreed that in no circumstances should the deposit be given up.

France. The Budget Commission reports that the present sources of revenue are expected to realize 19½ milliards of francs, leaving a deficit of about 3½ mil-

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liards. *Le Temps* says that the fiscal efforts of the country since the war have been such that France is entitled to declare that her budget "balances" as she borrowed 90 milliards on German account, and that talk about a deficit without an explanation of its causes will lead to unfavourable judgment abroad. *Le Temps* attacks the monopoly system and maintains that a release of the industries to ordinary traders will bring more to the French Treasury that it gets from the monopolies. *L'Information* says that a law of March, 1917, authorized the Government to grant 12,000,000 francs without interest to Popular Banks established under the law and the Government has since been authorized to grant more than as much again. These advances to the banks must not exceed twice the paid-up capital. Interest on capital is limited to 6 per cent. and the banks must restrict themselves to genuine commercial business, although they may receive deposits from anybody. There were 81 of these banks at the beginning of the year and the advances made at the end of 1921 amounted to 18,700,000 francs, an increase of 7,530,000 francs during the year. Moreover, a law of 1919 established a credit of 50,000,000 francs for small merchants and manufacturers, and its distribution was entrusted to the Popular Banks. *Journée Industrielle* states that two French cruisers will leave next month for Madagascar, Australia and Japan, returning via the Asiatic Coast and the Suez Canal. The cruisers are to undertake propaganda in the interests of French export industries, and the distribution of catalogues, etc., at the ports of call will be organized. A cinematograph installation for propaganda purposes will be part of the cruisers' equipment and the "mission" will be supervised by Admiral Gilly.

Hungary. The newspapers report the settlement of the State Railways Annuity question. The lines in Roumanian territory were sold some time ago to an independent company, some of the shares being held by the State. The pre-war debts to France and the claims of French shareholders were settled in the early part of this year by the Reparations Commission and the French shareholders are receiving new shares as well as cash payments against their unpaid dividends. In 1891 the State Railways sold the lines in Hungary to the Hungarian Government of that time for a yearly payment of 19 million kronen of which two-thirds was to be discharged in gold. Only a small part of the lines bought then lie in the territory of the present Hungarian State, as 43 per cent. are in Czechoslovakia, 23 per cent. in Hungary, 25 per cent. in Roumania, and 9 per cent. in Jugo-Slavia. The annuity has not been paid since 1918. The arrears have been calculated in French francs and each of the four States mentioned is to pay proportionately to the percentage of the lines held by it. By the arrangement, the company will receive 90,000 kronen for each share in respect of the three years, but that is not a very large sum at present rates of exchange. The share capital of the State Railways is to be increased from 235 million to 285 million kronen and, according to present intentions, the new shares will be offered to existing shareholders at the rate of one new share for every five old shares held.

New Issue

Government of Victoria. Holders of £2,997,561 outstanding 4 per cent. Stock and Debentures maturing October 1, 1922, are offered conversion at par into 5 per cent. stock. The principal will be repayable on October 1, 1945, the Government having the option of redemption in whole or in part, at par, on or after October 1, 1935, on giving three months' notice. Whilst holders of the 4 per cent. Stock and Debentures will probably do well to convert, City opinion inclines to the view that the Colonial new issues, which are believed to be awaiting a favourable opportunity of flotation, would have to offer slightly better terms to ensure success.

Stock Market Letter

The Stock Exchange, Thursday

Clouds and sunshine have chased each other with bewildering rapidity across the Stock Exchange markets during the week just ended. On Monday, grave doubts were entertained of European peace being preserved. Men went about with long faces. The march across the Mansion House Square of a body of khaki-clad men, with white bands round their caps, brought a sudden reminder of O.T.C. days, and added a military touch which painted still more darkly the menacing picture. On Tuesday afternoon, a sudden revulsion of feeling lifted the clouds from the political horizon; and, with them, prices shot up suddenly. The ascent made further progress on Wednesday, when violent bidding for French descriptions, Government and Railway alike, added to Cape support for Kaffir shares and a general feeling of greater cheerfulness, caused a brightness that was in striking accord with the broad bands of sunlight which flooded the markets. Where there had been only sellers, buyers took their places, and they swept the boards of the slender supply of available stock on offer in the markets. The transformation was completed by vigorous buying in the Consol market, where the Conversion 3½ per cent. Loan, after being down to 72½ on Tuesday morning, straightway recovered to over 73.

Such mercurial movements have been accompanied by a surprisingly small amount of actual business. Jobbers in the markets particularly affected declare that stocks were first banged down, and then rushed up, without £5,000 worth changing hands. This savours of picturesque exaggeration, but there can be no doubt as to the comparatively slender amount of stock which came in, apart from that which was sold by the stale bulls who, on Monday, took fright at the international outlook and pitched overboard whatever they could sell before the settlement of Thursday in this week. The account has been a fairly good one, however, so far as general business is concerned, notwithstanding complaints which members in certain parts of the House are apt to make. The Stock Exchange Clearing House has had a particularly busy time. It may be mentioned, as an interesting illustration of the work thrown upon the Department, that in the case of the Russo-Asiatic shares, the arduous labour of putting into communication the ultimate sellers with the last buyers was started at the close of Monday evening, and was not finished until ten o'clock on the following morning, the tracing being carried on throughout the whole of the night, without a break.

That we shall see sharp fluctuations in prices for some time to come is regarded by most Stock Exchange men as inevitable so long as uncertainty prevails in regard to German Reparations and the Near East turmoil. From the detached point of view, the astonishing part of the whole business is that the markets should have escaped without a panic. Ten years ago, such a crisis as that between Greece and Turkey would have precipitated a heavy slump throughout the whole of the Stock Exchange, and the House would have been writhing in liquidation. The depression—it can scarcely be called more than that—of the early part of this week was as nothing to the acute flatness which would have developed half a decade ago in similar circumstances. The war has had one good effect in blunting the susceptibilities of the ordinary proprietor of stocks and shares. He no longer flies into a panic at the possibilities of armed conflict. He has become so accustomed to alarmist news that, provided he holds sound stocks and shares for which he has paid and in which he has confidence, he refuses to fling away his securities upon the appearance of international disturbances or other extrinsic influences. This is a consequence of the war which deserves to be noted. It is no passing phase, and as I have just said, the war has

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Company Meeting

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LTD.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Limited, was held on the 19th inst., in London.

Sir Adolph Tuck Bart., who presided, said that the uncertain conditions, the great unrest and the fluctuating nature of the exchanges in so many countries, were of necessity reflected in the decreased volume of the general trade of the world, and naturally enough also in the turnover of the company. He could confidently say, however, that the company had had its full share of the business that had been going in their particular branch of trade, and this had enabled them to secure a fair turnover and an average profitable year. Certain it was that the standing of the company had never been higher, nor the number of its regular customers greater. Given but more normal conditions of trade, its net earning power was bound to be considerably augmented.

Happily, the efforts put forth by the Picture Postcard Committee specially appointed to combat the unjust increase of postage on picture postcards, and of which he (Sir Adolph) had the honour to be chairman, had proved successful, and on May 31 last the postage on picture postcards was again reduced to 1d., and in the case of five words to 1d. Unfortunately, however, the Postmaster-General had seen fit to limit the five-word message which entitled the sender to the 1d. rate of postage to phrases of courtesy or of a conventional character only. He (the Chairman) had already approached the Postmaster-General on behalf of the picture postcard industry, and in the interests of the public, and no less so of the postal revenue itself, to remedy this state of affairs, but so far without result. He was not, however, altogether without hope that the Postmaster-General might relent, and in order to bring this seemingly small but highly important question with its full import before the public, Raphael Tuck and Sons had inaugurated an important postage prize competition, limited, of course, to Tuck's postcards, with prize awards amounting to £5,000, of which £3,500 would go to competitors, £1,000 to hospitals selected by competitors, and 500 guineas to the trade for the best window displays of Tuck's postcards.

The competition itself was of the simplest possible character, and consisted of but three questions, any one or all three of which might be replied to by competitors:—(a) Why do you like receiving or sending picture postcards? (b) What message would you send to the Postmaster-General to urge him to allow any five words to be sent for 1d. on a picture postcard? (c) Which eight of the following 15 messages of five words of courtesy or of a conventional character (which can already be sent for 1d.) do you consider will be the most popular? The Company hoped to be able to prove to the Postmaster-General, by the nature of the replies sent in by competitors, how strong was the feeling of the public in favour of the rescinding of this harassing, unpractical limitation of the permitted five words to phrases of courtesy or convention only.

The Chairman then referred to the progress of the various other departments of the business comprised under the all-embracing title of "The World's Art Service." Alluding to the prospects for the coming year, these, he said, were of a most favourable character, due largely to the really splendid collection of new publications issued by the leading departments of the company. With regard to their claims against the German Government, who some six months after the outbreak of war sequestered the successful branch house opened in 1904 for the sale of the Company's British art productions, a settlement had been arrived at, and so far they had received a cheque for some £6,800, subject to expenses, and this had been duly credited to the accounts.

Dealing with the accounts, the Chairman said that the directors recommended the payment of a final dividend on the Ordinary shares for the six months at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, making, with the interim dividend of 8 per cent. already paid, a dividend of 10 per cent. for the year.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seconded the motion for the adoption of the report and accounts, which was unanimously adopted.

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taught the Stock Exchange that its clients, even those in France, are no longer susceptible to the wild sentiment of panic that, in days gone by, led to everything being rushed down a steep place into a furore of flatness whenever a shadow, suggestive of war, appeared in the political situation.

This being the case then, there is nothing in the present position to disturb the composure or the optimism of those who, having bought good stocks and shares, in whatever market, are prepared to hold them for capital appreciation as well as dividends. The Kaffir market is the most popular of the speculative sections, on account of the way in which working-costs are coming down, and profits are returning to something like the normal level that was so rudely jarred by the strike in the early part of the year. A good deal of speculation has sprung up, but, fortunately, the bulk of the business is in the shares of the best companies, in which the Modder group stands out prominently by reason of the excellent management, and the scientific methods adopted.

Of the companies that approach producing-stage, New State Areas (the shares stand at about 33/9) is one of the best for the man prepared to lock-up money for future improvement in value. West Springs comes further behind. The shares are more speculative, but the company's ground is in a good position. The Kaffir Circus strives with the oil market for regaining popular favour, and it must be admitted that the field is very open, for in neither department at present does the public show any particular eagerness to take a hand. A great deal of the activity in both sections is professional.

With the greater readiness of people to glance kindly upon the Stock Exchange markets as the autumn advances, there is reason to assume that Stock Exchange business will broaden out as soon as foreign politics cease from troubling. Sir Robert Horne's visit to the United States next month is expected to produce a workmanlike scheme, upon the basis of which this country can get to work in the way of paying off its war obligations, and all thoughtful men will watch with acute attention the methods of repayment to be adopted.

JANUS

Money and Exchange

Comfortable, but not easy, conditions ruled in the money market until Wednesday, when some pressure was experienced in connexion with the transfer of a considerable total of credit understood to represent French Railway Funds. After this event withdrawals by banks for balance sheet dressing were more noticeable, and dealers are anticipating with growing eagerness the ease expected from Government disbursements at the commencement of next month. The Bank return pointed to accumulations in anticipation of these payments, Public Deposits showing a substantial rise. Market balances were also affected by the final liquidation of Treasury indebtedness to Threadneedle Street. Discount rates were adjusted to the position created by last week's reduced figure for Treasury Bills by tender, but showed little subsequent change. The market was firm in recognition of the political unsettlement which made buyers cautious. The foreign exchanges reflected hopes and fears concerning the Near East and the latest aspect of the Reparations question, most of the European currencies being finally of increased value. The rate on New York recovered, improvement coinciding with the announcement that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would head the Debt Settlement delegation to America.

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Review

Socialization in Theory and Practice. By Heinrich Ströbel. Translated by H. J. Stenning. P. S. King. 10s. 6d.

THE Minister of Finance in the Prussian Revolutionary Government of November, 1918, opens with the acknowledgment that "the practical work of Socialization that has been achieved in Germany since November 9, 1918, has been in inverse ratio to the eagerness with which the meaning and implications of the term 'Socialization' have been discussed." His book is largely an endeavour to explain the disappointing results of a revolutionary social policy in Germany, and although he deals at great length with the Bolshevik experiment, the record of this catastrophe gives an impression of being partly in extenuation of the failure of the comparatively moderate experiments within his own country. Herr Ströbel complains that at the moment when political power fell into the lap of the Socialist Proletariat in Germany "its leaders were never once in agreement as to the measures which ought to be adopted for the systematic and progressive reconstruction of economic life." Nor does the reader emerge with any clear ideas upon the subject after reading the volume, since the author is primarily concerned with setting out representative but often conflicting views. But bitter opponent of Bolshevism as he is Herr Ströbel reveals himself under the influence of a harsh doctrine. He comments thus upon a statement by Kautsky: "Undoubtedly, Marxism represented an enormous advance when it based the hopes of Socialism upon the iron sanction of economic development of the social reactions of proletarian class struggle, in opposition to Utopian Socialism, which expected the realization of Socialism from the influence of reason and justice." But however scientific Socialism might have to be in application, unless it were a product of reason and justice the new system would be merely an arrogant supersession. Amid all the detail of Herr Ströbel's book the reader feels that the failure of socialization in Russia, Hungary and Germany is capable of a simple explanation. Individually we are not fit for these theoretically higher forms of society which in actual practice prove to be considerably less attractive than the capitalist system. The failure of the individual to respond to all the new demands made upon him produces a contempt for humanity in the minds of the dogmatists who act as leaders. The result is tyranny and attempted justifications of dictatorship similar to that of Trotsky—"Force has played and will play a great part in important historical epochs. The general rule is for mankind to try to escape work. Man may be described as a pretty idle animal." It is astonishing to find at the end of Herr Ströbel's history of confusion a remark attributed to Mr. G. D. H. Cole quoted with apparent approval: ". . . if we want to build up a new society before the old one cracks all round us, then we shall have to be quick in making experiments, and we have to make them on trust. Exactly what we must make is what Mr. Leslie Scott called in his case for the coal-owners before the Coal Commission 'a leap in the dark.' "

Publications Received

Monthly Review of Credit and Business Conditions. September 1. Federal Reserve Bank, New York.

Monthly Commercial Letter. September. Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Statistical Information. September. Sperling & Co.

Monthly Circular. September 15. Bank of Liverpool and Martins.

The Bulletin of the Federation of British Industries. September 19. 1s.

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Miscellaneous.

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731

Figures and Prices

PAPER MONEY (in millions)

	Latest Note Issues.	Stock of Gold.	Ratio to Gold.	Previous Note Issue.	Note Issue Aug. 31, 1921.
European Countries					
Austria	Kr. 1,353,403	?	—	1,147,586	58,534
Belgium	Fr. 6,490	267	4	6,528	6,216
Britain (B. of E.)	£ 103	154	38	107	107
(Britain (State))	£ 295			299	319
Bulgaria	Leva 3,800	38	1	3,758	3,266
Czecho-Slov.	Kr. 10,171	724	77	9,647	11,455
Denmark	Kr. 432	228	51	439	481
Estonia	Mk. 700	291	56	404	—
Finland	Mk. 1,356	43	3	1,310	1,379
France	Fr. 36,607	5,532	15	36,559	37,025
Germany (Bk.)	Mk. 252,373	1,004	—	238,147	80,073
other	Mk. 23,876	—	—	23,240	8,071
Greece	Dr. 1,708	1,389	97	1,426	1,877
Holland	Fl. 977	606	61	986	1,004
Hungary	Kr. 48,840	?	—	42,016	17,326
Italy (Bk.)	Lire 13,737	1,385	97	13,761	13,640
Jugo-Slavia	Dnrs. 5,067	64	1	4,984	4,194
Norway	Kr. 380	147	39	385	430
Poland	Mk. 385,787	31	—	351,343	133,734
Portugal	Esc. 844	9	1	829	657
Roumania	Lei 14,267	4,760	33	14,147	11,854
Spain	Pes. 4,179	2,523	61	4,181	4,186
Sweden	Kr. 543	274	50	569	681
Switzerland	Fr. 763	508	66	771	971
Other Countries					
Australia	£ 56	23	41	58	57
Canada (Bk.)	\$ 166	165	36	194	184
(Canada (State))	\$ 269			269	262
Egypt	£ 28	3	10	30	29
India	Rs. 1,814	24	13	1,822	1,760
Japan	Yen. 1,103	1,275	115	1,280	1,127
New Zealand	£ 8	8	100	8	7
U.S. Fed. Res.	\$ 2,214	3,067	137	2,212	3,369
+Total cash.					

GOVERNMENT DEBT (in thousands)

	Sept. 16, '22.	Sept. 9, '22.	Sept. 17, '21.
	£	£	£
Total deadweight	7,606,357	7,611,414	7,614,813
Owed abroad	1,080,640	1,080,640	1,107,852
Treasury Bills	716,225	714,370	1,163,922
Bank of England Advances	—	3,750	30,250
Departmental Do.	154,023	156,957	149,024

NOTE.—The highest point of the deadweight debt was reached at Dec. 31, 1919, when it touched £7,998 millions. On March 31, 1921, it was £7,574 millions, and on March 31, 1922, £7,654 millions. The increase of £80 millions shown by the latter figures is nominal and due to a conversion scheme. During the year £88 millions was actually devoted to redemption of Debt.

GOVERNMENT ACCOUNTS (in thousands)

	Sept. 16, '22.	Sept. 9, '22.	Sept. 17, '21.
	£	£	£
Total Revenue from Ap. 1	373,032	361,508	420,446
Expenditure	325,389	318,922	461,901
Surplus or Deficit	+47,643	+42,586	-40,455
Customs and Excise	124,630	121,846	145,779
Income and Super Tax	129,034	124,837	132,754
Stamps	7,682	6,692	6,627
Excess Profits Duties	954	954	24,974
Post Office	24,300	23,550	20,500
Miscellaneous—Special	25,069	25,009	45,756

BANK OF ENGLAND RETURNS (in thousands)

	Sept. 20, '22.	Sept. 13, '22.	Sept. 21, '21.
	£	£	£
Public Deposits	15,786	10,405	13,960
Other	108,535	113,436	115,204
Total	124,321	123,841	129,164
Government Securities	44,548	46,753	39,690
Other	73,594	71,466	85,120
Total	118,142	118,219	124,810
Circulation	121,490	122,062	124,411
Do. less notes in currency reserve	100,340	100,912	104,961
Coin and Bullion	127,427	127,421	128,417
Reserve	24,386	23,809	22,460
Proportion	19.6%	19.2%	17.1%

CURRENCY NOTES (in thousands)

	Sept. 20, '22.	Sept. 13, '22.	Sept. 21, '21.
	£	£	£
Total outstanding	289,756	291,585	315,912
Called in but not cancl'd.	1,560	1,563	1,896
Gold backing	27,000	27,000	28,500
B. of E. note, backing	21,150	21,150	19,450
Total fiduciary issue	240,046	241,872	265,066

BANKERS CLEARING RETURNS (in thousands)

	Sept. 20, '22.	Sept. 13, '22.	Sept. 20, '21.
Town	£ 518,400	£ 531,392	£ 547,174
Metropolitan	26,398	25,455	27,288
Country	52,224	46,532	53,233
Total	597,022	603,379	627,685
Year to date	27,743,281	27,146,259	25,373,247

LONDON CLEARING BANK FIGURES (in thousands)

	Aug., '22.	July, '22.	Aug., '21.
Coin, notes, balances with Bank of England, etc...	£ 202,201	£ 203,475	£ 209,912
Deposits	1,732,153	1,774,306	1,806,910
Acceptances	50,542	53,228	49,986
Discounts	308,809	336,581	383,280
Investments	409,010	406,432	315,476
Advances	731,954	738,849	816,724

MONEY RATES

	Sept. 20, '22.	Sept. 14, '22.	Sept. 21, '21.
Bank Rate	3	3	5
Do. Federal Reserve N.Y.	4	4	5
3 Months' Bank Bills	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
6 Months' Bank Bills	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Weekly Loans	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$

FOREIGN EXCHANGES (telegraphic transfers)

	Sept. 21, '22.	Sept. 14, '22.	Sept. 21, '21.
New York, \$ to £	4.43 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.41 $\frac{1}{2}$	3.74
Do., 1 month forward	4.43 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.41 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
Montreal, \$ to £	4.43 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.41 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.15 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mexico d. to \$	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	33 $\frac{1}{2}$
B. Aires, d. to \$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	44 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rio de Jan., d. to milrs.	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Valparaiso, \$ to £	32.10	32.10	34.10
Montevideo, d. to \$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lima, per Peru £	9% prem.	9% prem.	—
Paris, frcs. to £	57.85	58.65	52.37 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do., 1 month forward	57.87	58.68	—
Berlin, marks to £	6,300	6,975	404 $\frac{1}{2}$
Brussels, frcs. to £	61.25	62.15	52.67 $\frac{1}{2}$
Amsterdam, fl. to £	11.43	11.42 $\frac{1}{2}$	11.76
Switzerland, frcs. to £	23.70	23.64	21.66 $\frac{1}{2}$
Stockholm, kr. to £	16.71	16.71	17.02 $\frac{1}{2}$
Christiansburg, kr. to £	26.15	26.40	29.62 $\frac{1}{2}$
Copenhagen, kr. to £	21.10	20.85	20.97 $\frac{1}{2}$
Helsingfors, mks. to £	202	205	239 $\frac{1}{2}$
Italy, lire to £	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$
Madrid, pesetas to £	29.07	29.15	28.65 $\frac{1}{2}$
Greece, drachma to £	202	180	77 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lisbon, d. to escudo	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Vienna, kr. to £	340,000	320,000	4,150
Bucharest, leu to £	685	730	427 $\frac{1}{2}$
Belgrade, dinars to £	300	355	200
Sofia, leva to £	750	740	565
Warsaw, marks to £	34,000	36,500	18,500
Constantinople, piastres to £	780	720	620
Alexandria, piastres to £	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$
Bombay, d. to rupee	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
Calcutta, d. to rupee	1	1	1
Hongkong, d. to dollar	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	34 $\frac{1}{2}$
Shanghai, d. to tael	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	46 $\frac{1}{2}$
Singapore, d. to \$	27 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 $\frac{1}{2}$
Yokohama, d. to yen	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 $\frac{1}{2}$

TRADE UNION PERCENTAGES OF UNEMPLOYED

	End Aug., 1922.	End July, 1922.	End Aug., 1921.
Membership	1,300,404	1,334,339	1,419,530
Reporting Unions	187,083	195,447	234,864
Unemployed	14.4	14.6	16.5
Percentage			

COAL OUTPUT

Week ending	Sept. 9, 1922.	Sept. 2, 1922.	Aug. 26, 1922.	Sept. 10, 1921.
	tons.	tons.	tons.	tons.
Pig Iron	411,700	399,100	369,200	94,200
Yr. to date	2,959,300	2,547,600	2,148,500	1,670,200
Steel	520,800	473,100	400,200	434,100
Yr. to date	3,552,500	3,031,700	2,558,600	1,965,300

IRON AND STEEL OUTPUT

	1922.	1922.	1922.	1921.
	Aug.,	July,	June,	Aug.
P				

PRICES OF COMMODITIES

METALS, MINERALS, ETC.

	Sept. 21, '22.	Sept. 14, '22.	Sept. 21, '21.
Gold, per fine oz.	93s. 0d.	93s. 6d.	110s. 7d.
Silver, per oz.	35d.	35d.	40d.
Iron, Sc'h pig No. 1 ton	£50.0	£418.0	£610.0
Steel rails, heavy	£8.15.0	£8.15.0	£14.0.0
Copper, Standard	£62.13.9	£63.8.9	£67.15.0
Tin, Straits	£160.11.3	£159.11.3	£156.2.6
Lead, soft foreign	£23.15.0	£24.0.0	£23.0.0
Spelter	£31.17.6	£31.12.6	£25.5.0
Coal, best Admiralty	27s. 0d.	27s. 9d.	31s. 0d.

CHEMICALS AND OILS

Nitrate of Soda, per ton	£14.5.0	£14.5.0	£20.10.0
Indigo, Bengal per lb.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Linseed Oil, spot per ton	£35.00	£33.15.0	£34.0.0
Linseed, La Plata ton	£17.5.0	£16.10.0	£17.15.0
Palm Oil, Benin spot ton	£30.0.0	£30.0.0	£39.10.0
Petroleum, w. white gal.	1s. 5d.	1s. 5d.	1s. 5d.
Turpentine cwt.	100s. 6d.	90s. 0d.	68s. 0d.

FOOD

Flour, Country, straights ex mill 280 lb.	32s. 0d.	32s. 6d.	49s. 0d.
Wheat, English Gaz. Avg. per 480 lbs.	38s. 6d.	41s. 1d.	57s. 1d.
Wheat, No. 2 Red Winter N.Y. per bush.	124s. cents.	114s. cents.	136s. cents.

TEXTILES, ETC.

Cotton, fully middling, American per lb.	13.33d.	13.41d.	14.56d.
Cotton, Egyptian, F.G.F. Sakei per lb.	17.50d.	17.50d.	25.00d.
Hemp, N.Z. spot, per ton	£32.10.0	£32.10.0	£42.0.0
Jute, first marks	£35.0.0	£35.10.0	£33.5.0
Wool, Aust., Medium Greasy Merino lb.	19d.	19d.	15d.
La Plata, Av. Merino lb.	15d.	15d.	10d.
Lincoln Wethers lb.	8d.	8d.	7d.
Tops, 64's lb.	62d.	62d.	43d.
Rubber, Std. Crepe lb.	7d.	7d.	8d.
Leather, sole bends, 14-16lb. per lb.	2s. 4d.	2s. 4d.	2s. 9d.

OVERSEAS TRADE (in thousands)

	seven months			
Aug., 1922.	Aug., 1921.	1922.	1921.	
Imports	82,661	88,555	651,656	£740,804
Exports	60,032	51,346	472,213	463,414
Re-exports	7,504	9,998	71,402	69,045
Balance of Imports	15,125	27,211	107,951	208,345
Expt. cotton gds. total	16,111	11,218	124,525	115,749
Do. piece gds. sq. yds. 337,985	212,403	2,672,454	1,600,955	
Expt. woollen goods	5,515	3,633	39,369	39,286
Export coal value	6,873	5,668	43,301	22,662
Do. quantity tons	6,146	3,103	38,394	9,945
Export iron, steel	5,053	2,797	40,068	43,801
Export machinery	4,364	5,153	33,528	52,404
Tonnage entered	3,995	3,423	27,991	24,099
" cleared	5,855	33,777	37,550	20,286

INDEX NUMBERS

United Kingdom—Wholesale (Economist)	Aug., 1922.	July, 1922.	June, 1922.	Aug., 1921.	July, 1914.
Cereals and Meat	880	994	1,000	1,184	579
Other Food Products	674	669	676	716	352
Textiles	1,123	1,120	1,135	998	816
Minerals	691	712	690	920	484
Miscellaneous	887	900	887	1,000	553
Total	4,257	4,306	4,389	4,819	2,565
Retail (Ministry of Labour)—	Aug., 1922.	July, 1922.	June, 1922.	Aug., 1921.	July, 1914.
Food, Rent, Clothing, etc.	179	181	184	220	100
Germany—Wholesale (Frankfurter Zeitung)	Sept. 1, 1922.	Aug. 1, 1922.	July 1, 1922.	Aug. 1, 1921.	Average 1913.
All Commodities	2,891	1,393	914	160	9.23
United States—Wholesale (Bradstreet's)	Sept. 1, 1922.	Aug. 1, 1922.	July 1, 1922.	Sept. 1, 1921.	Aug. 1, 1914.
All Commodities	12,0793	12,0688	12,1069	11,0868	8,7087

FREIGHTS

	Sept. 21,	Sept. 14,	Sept. 21,	
From Cardiff to West Italy (coal)	1922.	1922.	1921.	
Marseilles	12/0	11/6	13/6	
Port Said	11/6	11/0	14/0	
Bombay	13/9	13/3	13/3	
Islands	19/6	19/6	17/6	
B. Aires	11/3	11/3	11/3	
From Australia (wheat)	16/6	17/0	14/6	
B. Aires (grain)	21/3	20/0	22/6	
San Lorenzo	22/6	21/3	23/9	
N. America	3/0	2/6	4/7	
Bombay (general)	19/6	19/6	30/0	
Alexandria (cotton-seed)	9/0	9/0	14/0	

TRADE OF COUNTRIES (in millions)

COUNTRY.	Months.	1922.		+ or -
		Imports.	Exports.	
Belgium	Fr.	3	2,031	— 897
Czechoslovakia	Kr.	12+	22,435	+ 4,877
Denmark	Kr.	5	560	120
Finland	Mk.	7	2,013	+ 195
France	Fr.	7	12,667	— 1,865
Germany	Mk.	4	75,814	+ 2,705
Greece	Dr.	4	675	— 222
Holland	Fl.	6	998	+ 413
Italy	Lire	3	3,534	— 1,479
Spain	Pes.	12+	1,260	— 462
Sweden	Kr.	6	527	103
Switzerland	Fr.	6	853	— 24
B. S. Africa	£	12+	53	+ 8
Brazil	Mrs.	12+	1,690	+ 20
Canada	\$	12+	728	+ 24
China	Tls.	12+	906	— 305
Egypt	£E	12+	56	— 14
Japan	Yen.	8	1,373	— 350
New Zealand	£	12+	43	+ 2
United States	\$	7	1,468	+ 1,457

1921† ¹To May, '22

SECURITY PRICES

BRIT. AND FOREIGN GOVT.

	Sept. 21, '22.	Sept. 14, '22.	Sept. 21, '21.
Consols	56	56	48
War Loan	31/2	93	88
Do.	41/2	97	81
Do.	5%	99	88
Do.	4%	99	101
Funding	4%	87	86
Victory	4%	88	75
Local Loans	3%	63	52
Conversion	31/2	73	62
Bank of England	246	246	183
India	31/2	66	57
Argentine (86)	5%	100	94
Belgian	3%	68	62
Brazil (1914)	5%	60	60
Chilian (1886)	41/2	90	68
Chinese	5% '96	93	94
French	4%	29	30
German	3%	11/2	11/2
Italian	31/2	20	22
Japanese	41/2 (1st)	105	115
Russian	5%	11	11
RAILWAYS			
Great Central Pref.	24	22	9
Great Eastern	37	36	28
Great Northern Pref.	65	64	42
Great Western	101	101	68
London Brighton Def.	62	62	38
London Chatham	9	8	5
L. & N.W.	101	101	68
L. & S.W. Def.	31	30	18
Metropolitan	57	56	23
Do. District	42	43	16
Midland Def.	66	66	42
North Brit. Def.	18	18	10
North Eastern	118	118	71
South Eastern Def.	36	35	21
Underground "A"	8/3	7/6	6/3
Antofagasta	66	67	45
B.A. Gt. Southern	72	71	58
Do. Pacific	54	52	40
Canadian Pacific	165	167	149
Central Argentine	62	62	54
Grand Trunk	1	1	2
Do. 3rd Pref.	1	1	6
Leopoldina	37	37	21
San Paulo	120	125	120
United of Havana	63	62	54
INDUSTRIALS, ETC.			
Anglo-Persian 2nd Pref.	26/0	26/0	22/3
Armstrongs	15/6	15/0	17/6
Brit.-Amer. Tobacco	87/0	87/6	65/0
Burmah Oil	51	51	5 15/32
Coats	66/3	66/9	48/9
Courtaulds	55/9	54/0	36/3
Cunard	19/6	19/6	18/9
Dorman Long	17/0	17/0	17/6
Dunlop	8/9	8/9	7/6
Fine Spinners	41/3	41/0	33/9
Hudson Bay	7	7	5
Imp. Tobacco	68/0	68/3	50/0
Linggi	22/6	21/10	21/6
Listers	26/3	27/6	16/9
Marconi	45/6	21	36/0
Mexican Eagle	31	31	4
P. & O. Def.	295	300	338
Royal Mail	89	90	85
Shell	4 21/32	41	4 1/2
Vickers	12/6	12/0	12/6

"It is pleasant to see so old-established a Review so vigorous and progressive—a thing of to-day and not a mere survival."

—*Evening News*, 1st July, 1922.

To Our Readers

¶ *In these days of bureaucratic influence on the Press it is more than ever important to have commentaries on public matters which are at once well informed and absolutely independent.*

¶ *This independence of point of view has been preserved in the SATURDAY for nearly seventy years. Without it as a check on biased and propagandist journalism the public would often find it difficult to arrive at the truth.*

¶ *The SATURDAY stands for an enlightened conservatism, the protection of English prestige and traditions, closer union and co-operation with our partners in the Empire, the ruthless stamping out of anarchy and Bolshevism, the restriction of the state machinery to its proper function, and freedom for the individual in his commercial and social existence.*

¶ *Every regular subscriber to the SATURDAY gives moral and material support to these objects, and ensures a weekly intellectual provision for his household.*

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